

A TWIN MUST DIE!
BUT WHICH ONE?
SEE MR. RISK, PG. 41

SUPER-MYSTERY COMICS

10¢

JAN.



MAGNO

HAP
HAZARD

MR.
RISK

THE
LANCER

DR.
NEMESIS

DAVEY

THE
SWORD

**POUNDING EXCITEMENT
PACKED INTO EVERY PAGE!**
SEE YOUR FAVORITE HEROES
in Action!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

MAGNO AND DAVEY

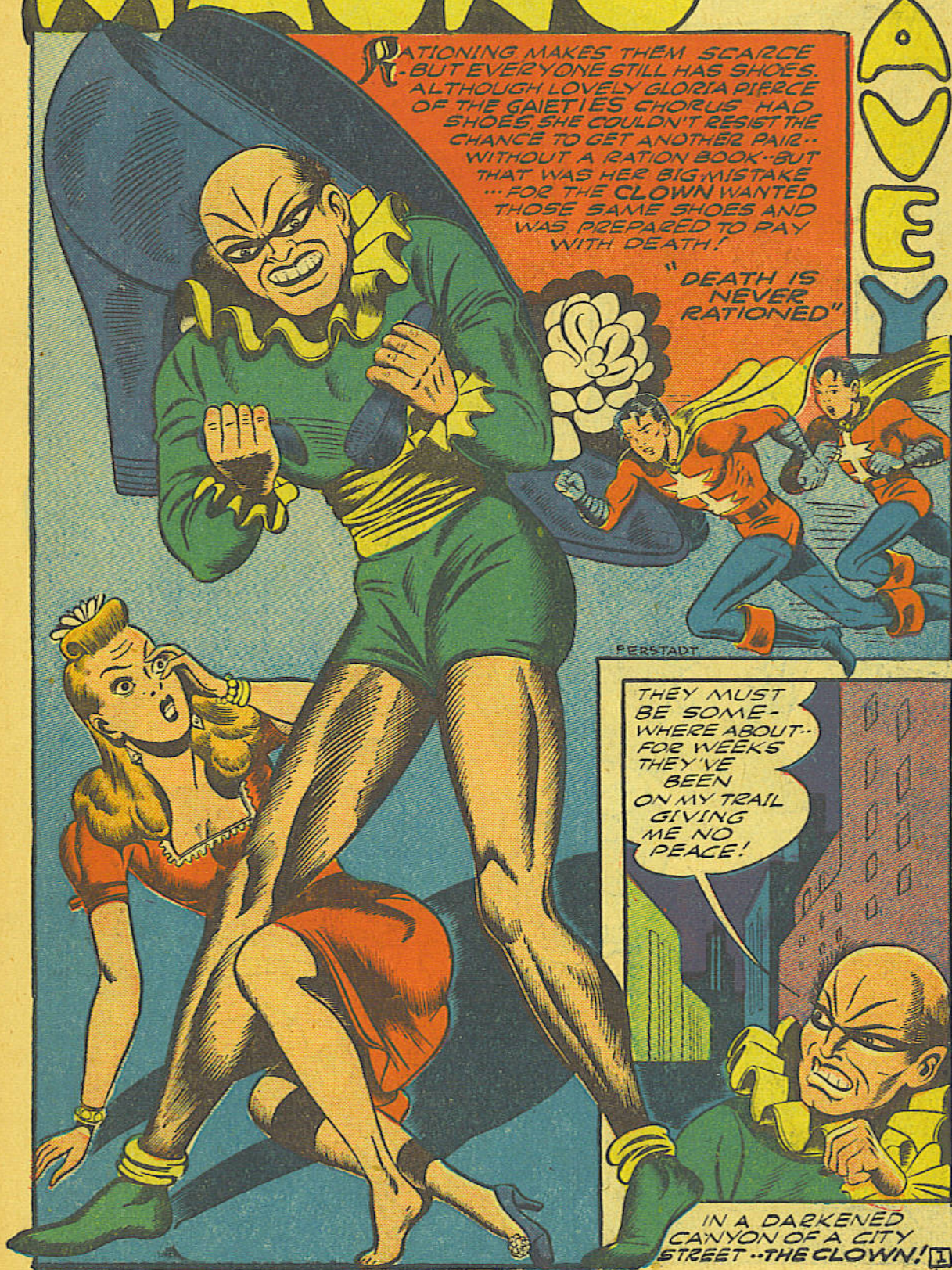
RATIONING MAKES THEM SCARCE... BUT EVERYONE STILL HAS SHOES. ALTHOUGH LOVELY GLORIA PIERCE OF THE GAITIES CHORUS HAD SHOES, SHE COULDN'T RESIST THE CHANCE TO GET ANOTHER PAIR... WITHOUT A RATION BOOK... BUT THAT WAS HER BIG MISTAKE... FOR THE CLOWN WANTED THOSE SAME SHOES AND WAS PREPARED TO PAY WITH DEATH!

"DEATH IS NEVER RATIONED"

PERSTADT

THEY MUST BE SOMEWHERE ABOUT... FOR WEEKS THEY'VE BEEN ON MY TRAIL GIVING ME NO PEACE!

IN A DARKENED CANYON OF A CITY STREET... THE CLOWN!



ON A ROOF OVERHEAD...

THERE'S
THE
CLOWN

LET'S GO! THIS IS
WHAT WE'VE
BEEN WAITING FOR!

IT'S THEM! IT'S
MAGNO AND
DAVEY!

UGH!

I WARNED
YOU THAT
YOU'D
NEVER
ESCAPE!

THERE'S
PLENTY
THAT I
OWE
YOU, RAT!

OUTA THE
WAY, MAGNO,
GIVE ME A
CHANCE
AT HIM!

OHNN!

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO PAY
IT BACK YET!

OOOOH!

MAYBE HE
WON'T BUT I'
STILL HAVE
AN INTEREST
IN THESE
PROCEEDINGS!

CRACK

WITH THE DESPERATION OF A CORNERED RAT, THE CLOWN STRIKES BACK.

GET AWAY FROM ME!
GET AWAY FROM ME!

AH! OPPORTUNITY!

MAGNO-CAREFUL!

I STILL HAVE A TRICK LEFT!

I LET HIM GET AWAY!
IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

SAVE THAT! HE ISN'T AWAY YET!

IN THE CLOWN'S MECHANISM, TWO CHEMICALS COMBINE AND A STREAM OF HEAVY SMOKE FORMS IN HIS WAKE...

SMOKE! I CAN'T SEE A THING!

LISTEN!

SPLASH

DISAPPEARED!

YES BUT WE'VE SURE GOT HIM ON THE RUN!

WE'LL KEEP HIM ON THE RUN... GIVE HIM NO REST, AND WHEN WE GET HIM, IT'LL BE PERMANENTLY!

THAT'S TALKING! NOW YOU'RE IN THE GROOVE!

IN A WATER FRONT SHACK.. HIDE OUT OF THE CLOWN--



..AH! THIS IS FOR ME!

DAILY REGISTER ALCHEMIST ENROUTE TO WASHINGTON

EMILE VAN ALSTYNE
PROMINENT SCIENTIST
CLAIMS DISCOVERY OF
METHOD FOR CHANGING
BASE METALS TO GOLD

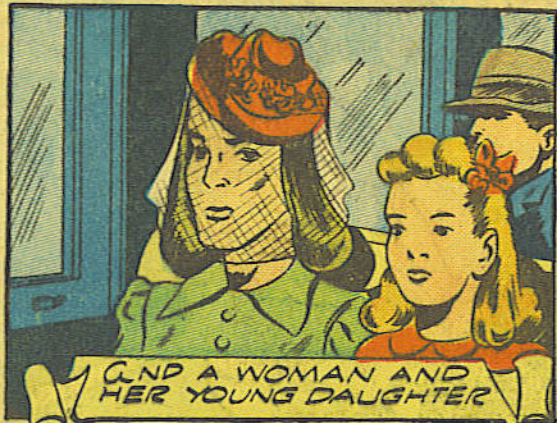


EMILE VAN ALSTYNE LEAVES
GRAND STATION TO PATENT HIS
BASE FORMULA FOR CHANGING
BASE METALS INTO GOLD UN-
A... T L K T. 23

THIS CALLS FOR
BRAINS.. SUCH
AS ONLY THE
CLOWN POSSESSES
MAGNO AND
DAVEY ARE TOO
CLOSE TO ME!
I MUST TAKE NO
UNNECESSARY
CHANCES



AFTER.. ON
A TRAIN
BOUND FOR
WASHINGTON
AN
ORDINARY
GROUP OF
PEOPLE ARE
GATHERED.
AMONG THEM
IS EMILE
VAN
ALSTYNE,
THE
SCIENTIST
?



AND A WOMAN AND
HER YOUNG DAUGHTER

A SENATOR AND A CANDY VENDOR



HERE, BOY!

YESSAH SENATOR!

AT THIS TIME THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS DIVES INTO BLACKNESS



SUDDENLY THE BLACKNESS IS CUT BY A SHUFFLING SOUND.. A MUFFLED CRY!

C'MON, DAVEY! I THOUGHT WE'D BE SEEING HIM!

WHAT?

OH!

MAGNO AND DAVEY CURSE YOU!

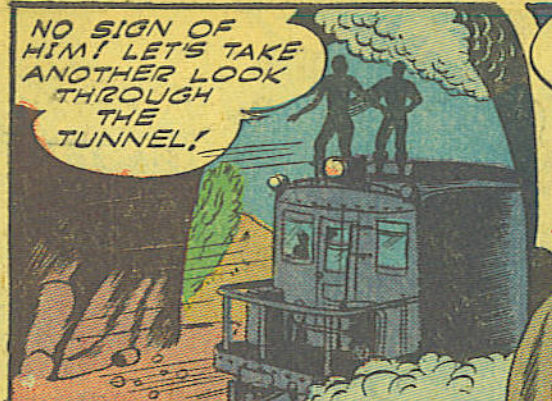
I'M GETTING OUT OF THESE DUDS! THEY BOTHER ME!

CRASH

QUICK! LET'S GET HIM!

THAT'S FINE! NOW GIVE ME THAT FORMULA! QUICKLY AND QUIETLY!

WORKED LIKE A CHARM! WON'T THOSE TWO MAGNETIC DODOES BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY GET BACK!



NO SIGN OF HIM! LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK THROUGH THE TUNNEL!



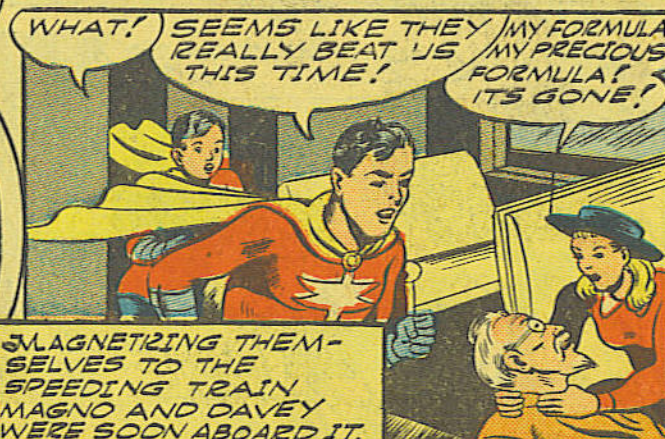
KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED! DON'T LET A THING ESCAPE YOU!

DON'T WORRY! NOTHING WILL!



NO LUCK! HE GOT AWAY AGAIN!

HE GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT! BUT HE DIDN'T GET THE FORMULA!



WHAT!

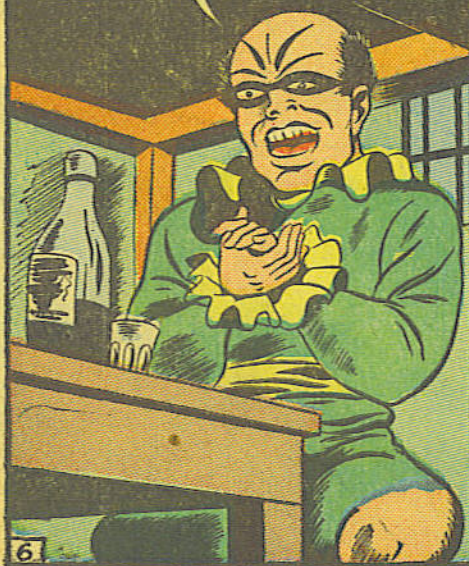
SEEMS LIKE THEY REALLY BEAT US THIS TIME!

MY FORMULA MY PRECIOUS FORMULA! IT'S GONE!

MAGNETIZING THEMSELVES TO THE SPEEDING TRAIN MAGNO AND DAVEY WERE SOON ABOARD IT.

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

HA! HA! THOSE SIMPLE FOOLS MAGNO AND DAVEY! A BIT OF APPLIED INTELLIGENCE AND THEY WERE LOST! WHEN THE SENATOR ARRIVES I'LL HAVE ALL THE WEALTH OF THE WORLD!

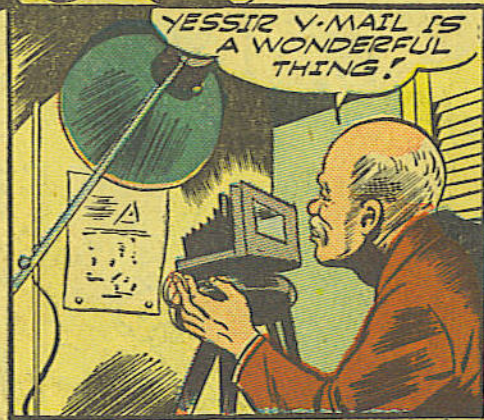


BUT A FEW HOURS LATER...

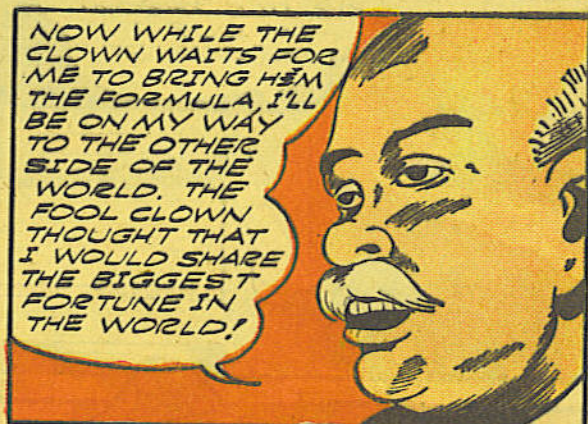
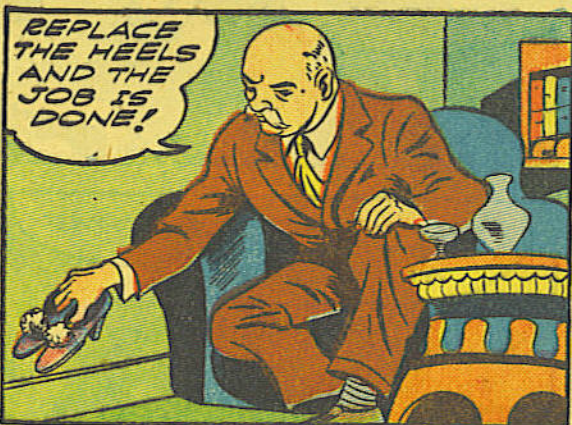
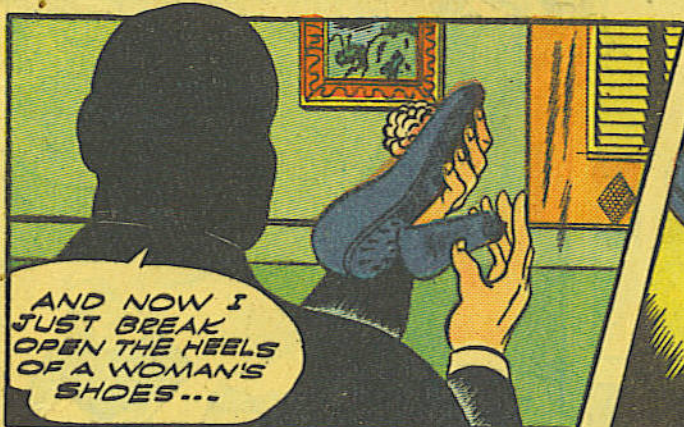
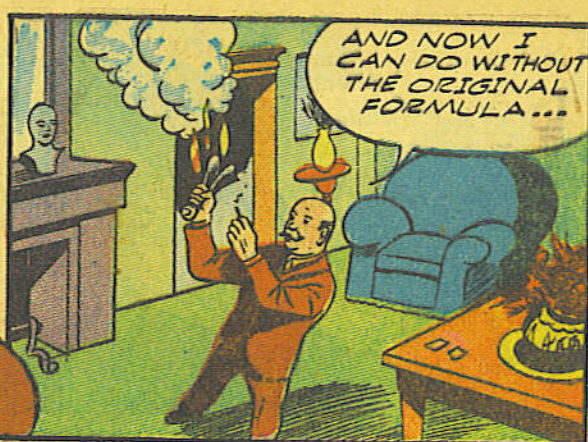


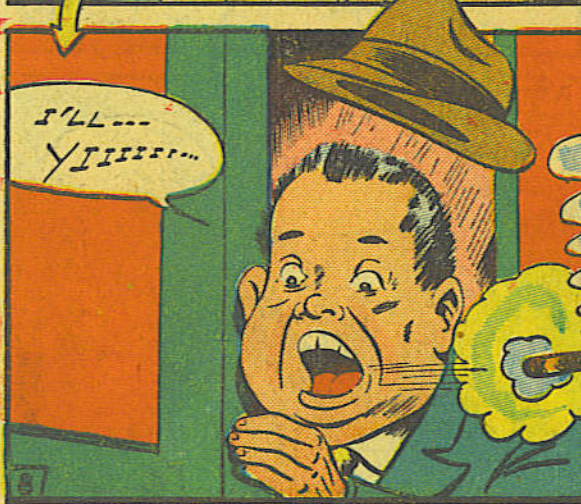
THE DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSING DOG! WHERE IS HE? WHAT'S KEEPING HIM! DOES HE THINK HE CAN PULL A HITLER ON THE CLOWN!

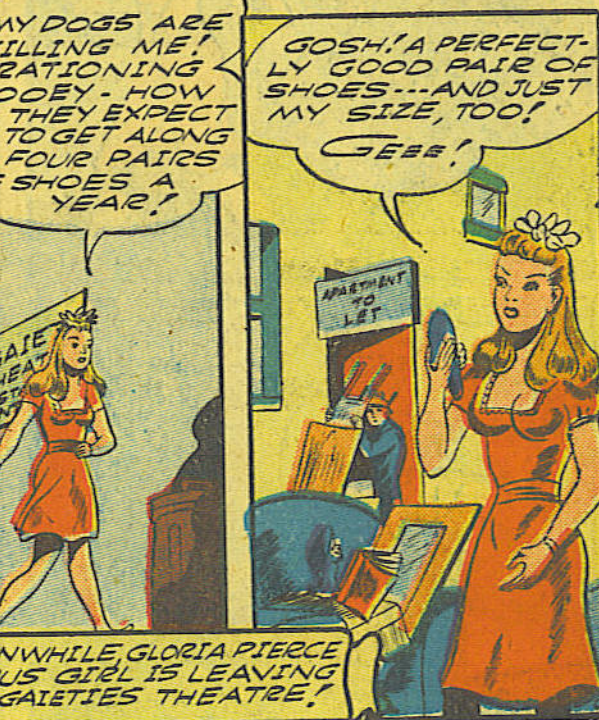
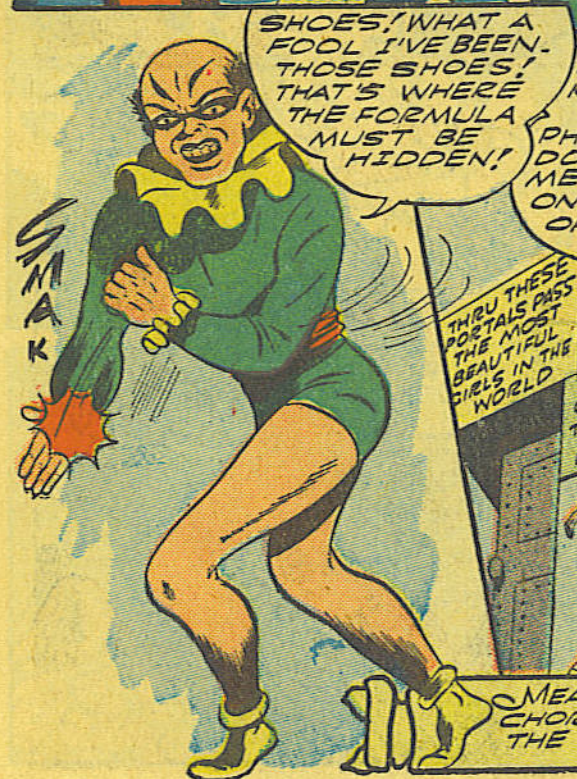
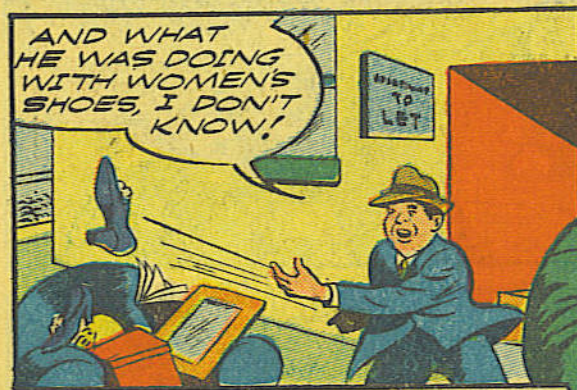
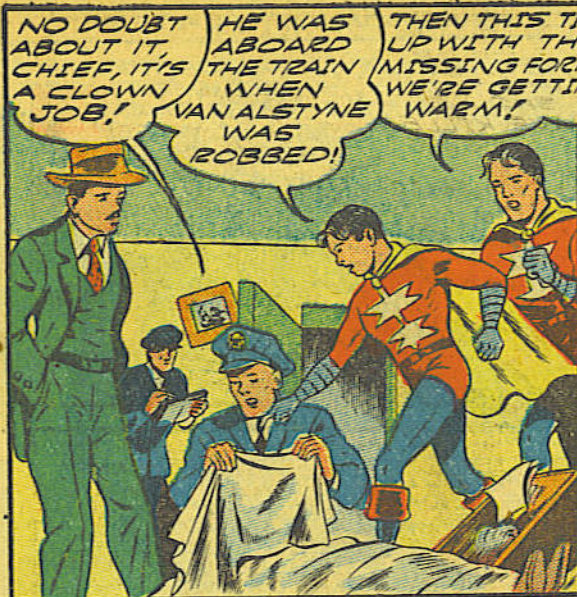
MEANWHILE IN AN APARTMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN THE SENATOR IS BUSY AT A STRANGE TASK



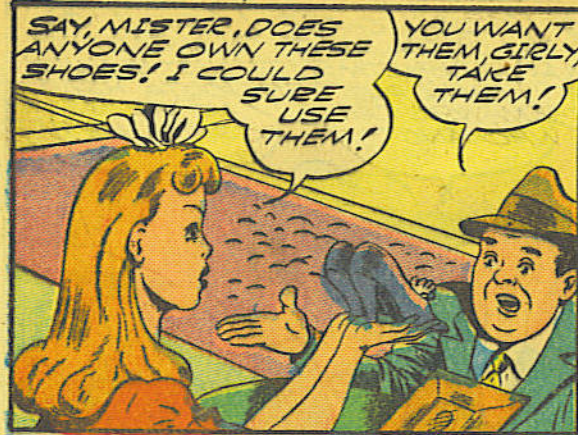
YESSIR V-MAIL IS A WONDERFUL THING!







MEANWHILE GLORIA PIERCE CHORUS GIRL IS LEAVING THE GAITIES THEATRE!



I TELL YOU SOMEONE'S GONE NUTS! WOMEN ARE BEING ATTACKED AND THEIR SHOES STOLEN! HERE COMES ANOTHER-- THE TWELFTH!

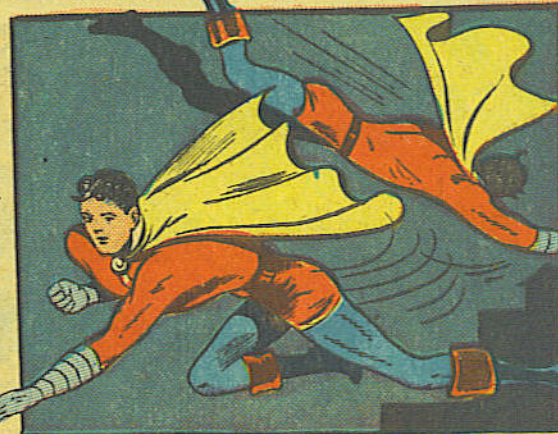
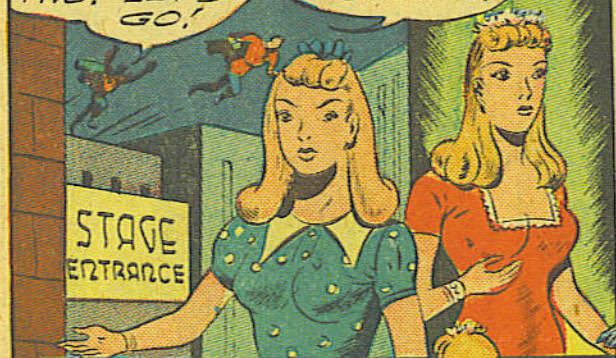


THEY'RE ALL BLONDES! FINE! THIS WE'LL PICK A COUPLE AND IF ANY ONE ATTACKS THEM, WE'LL SEE WHO AND WHY!



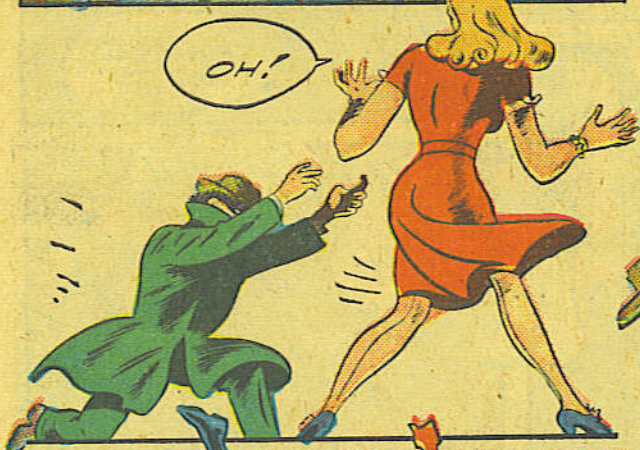
HERE COME TWO! LET'S GO!

OKAY! GOOD HUNTING!



HOVERING HIGH OVERHEAD MAGNO AND DAVEY MOVE OFF EACH FOLLOWING A BLONDE!

OH!



OH-HO! SO IT'S YOU THE CLOWN!

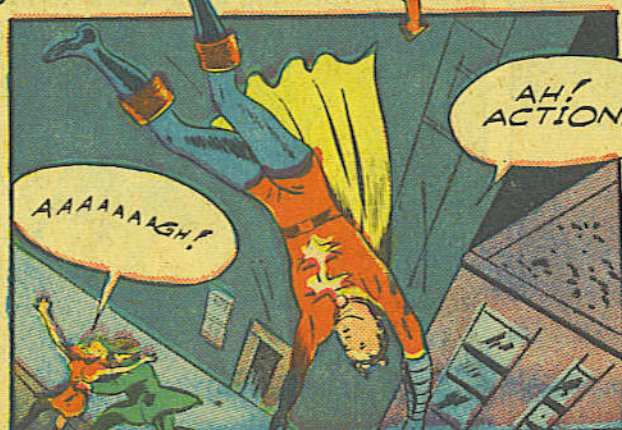
OOOOO

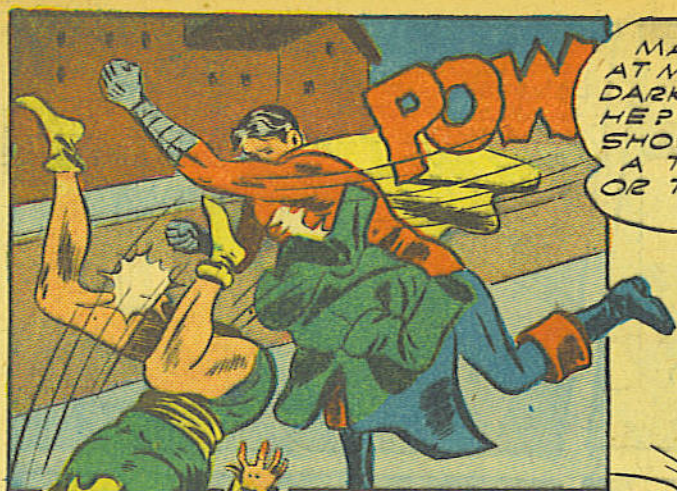
OH!



AH! ACTION!

AAAAAAGH!





MAKE A GRAB
AT ME IN THE
DARK, WILL
HE? I'LL
SHOW HIM
A THING
OR TWO!



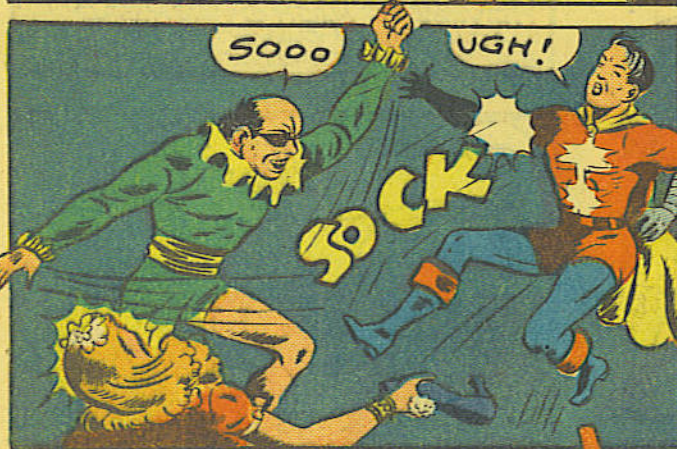
WISE GUY! THE
MAN AIN'T BORN
WHO...

LADY
LOOK
OUT!



OH!

THANKS
MISS!



SOOO

UGH!

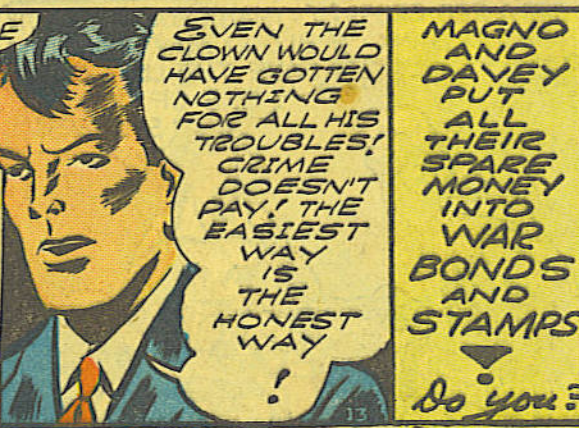
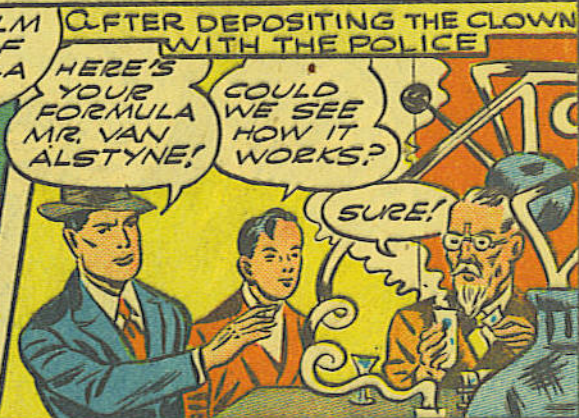
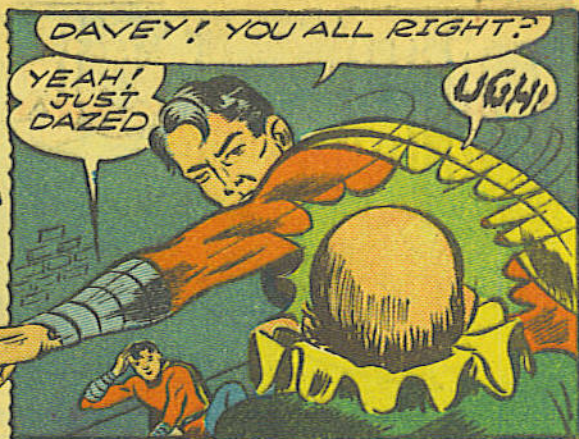


DAVEY! HIS
MAGNETISM
WENT
OFF!



CLOWN!

GIVE
ME
THAT
SHOE!



DR. NEMESIS

THE WORLD HEARD OF THE AMERICAN OUTPOST IN THE PACIFIC-- PLAGUED FIRST BY THE DREAD DISEASE **LEPROSY**, AND THEN WIPED OUT TO THE LAST MAN BY COWARDLY LITTLE NIPPONS-- THE WORLD HEARD AND SHUDDERED-- BUT **DR. NEMESIS** HEARD TOO, AND, ARMED WITH HIS TRUTH SERUM HE CHALLENGED THE CRUELEST VILLAIN OF ALL TIME IN THE BLOOD-BANK MASSACRES!



AT A RED CROSS BLOOD BANK

THANK YOU SIR, YOUR BLOOD MAY HELP SAVE THE LIFE OF ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS!

DR. BRADLEY, IN REALITY **DR. NEMESIS** AND HIS FIANCEE, NURSE MARY STRONG

IT'S A WONDERFUL FEELING, BEING ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM MERCY HOSPITAL LONG ENOUGH TO COME HERE TO THE RED CROSS TO VOLUNTEER OUR SERVICES!



WE'RE THE LAST
ONE'S OUT, SO
IT'S OUR TURN
TO LOCK UP!

IT'S SUCH A LITTLE
EFFORT ON OUR
PART AND IT
MIGHT SAVE
RED CROSS BLOOD BANK A LIFE

GOODNIGHT, DOCTOR!
NURSE--TONIGHT THE
PLAN OF X2 GOES
INTO OPERATION!
LONG LIVE THE
EMPEROR OF JAPAN!



SOMETIME LATER, IN A FIELD HOSPITAL
SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC--

THIS LOOKS
BAD!

CAPTAIN
BLAINE!
CAPTAIN
BLAINE!
COME QUICK-
LY!

BAD--IT'S
TERRIBLE! I'D
BETTER GET
CAPTAIN
BLAINE!



IN THE PLASMA
WARD! ALL THE
PATIENTS! THEY
SHOW SIGNS OF--
OF--
LEPROSY!

IT'S LERROSY
ALL RIGHT!
NURSE
GIVE
ME--

NURSE--!
NURSE!





PUFF! PUFF!
CAPTAIN BLAINE,
SIR!

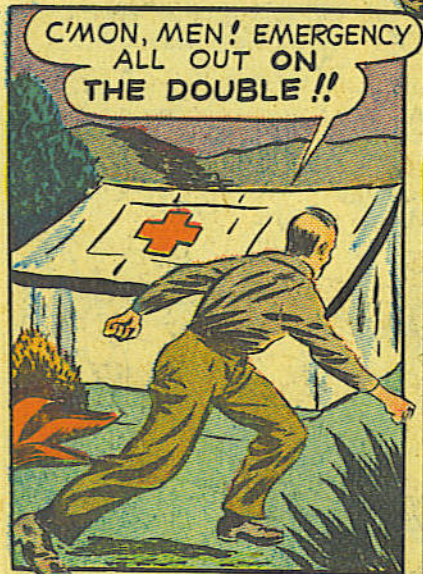
YES,
SERGEANT!



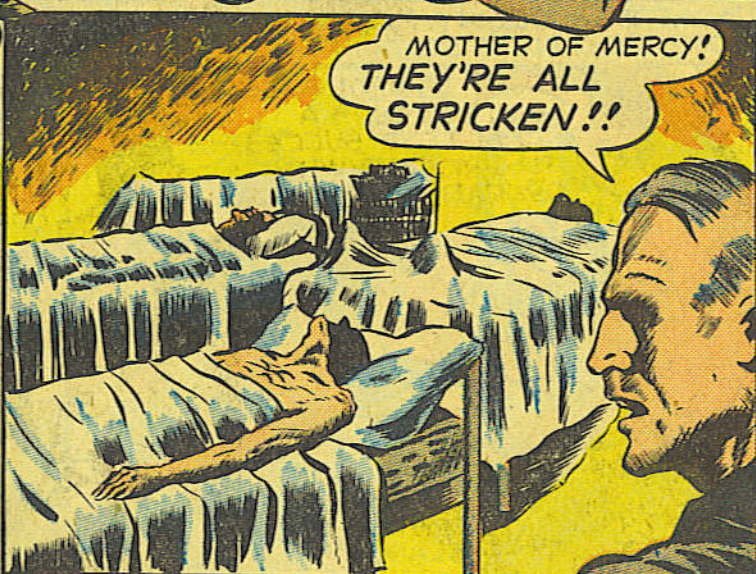
CAPTAIN! UP ON THE
FRONT LINES! THE MEN!
THEY'RE PASSING OUT!
SICK-- BURNING UP
WITH FEVER--OO--O



GOOD HEAVENS! ANOTHER
CASE! WHERE COULD IT
HAVE COME FROM?
THERE WERE NO LEPERS
ON THIS ISLAND!



C'MON, MEN! EMERGENCY
ALL OUT ON
THE DOUBLE!!



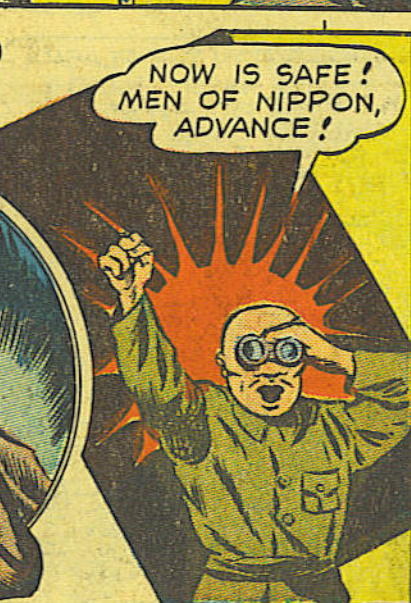
MOTHER OF MERCY!
THEY'RE ALL
STRICKEN!!



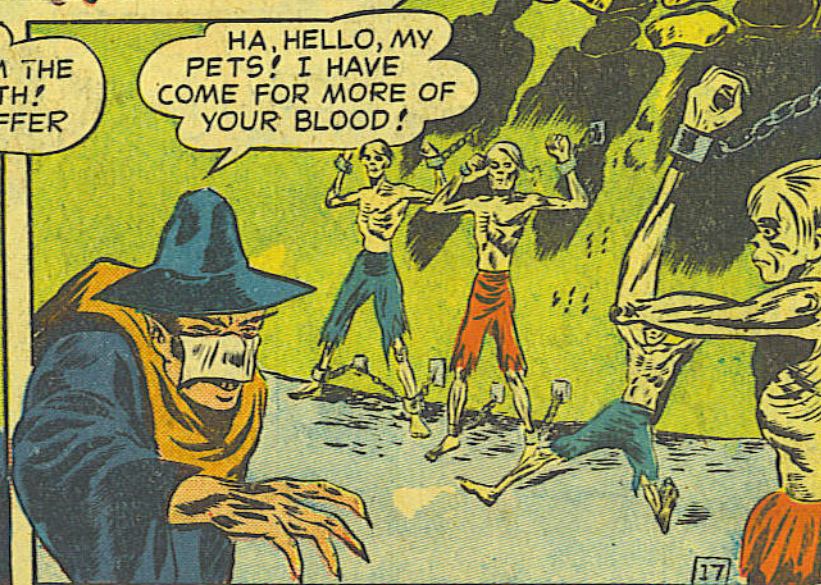
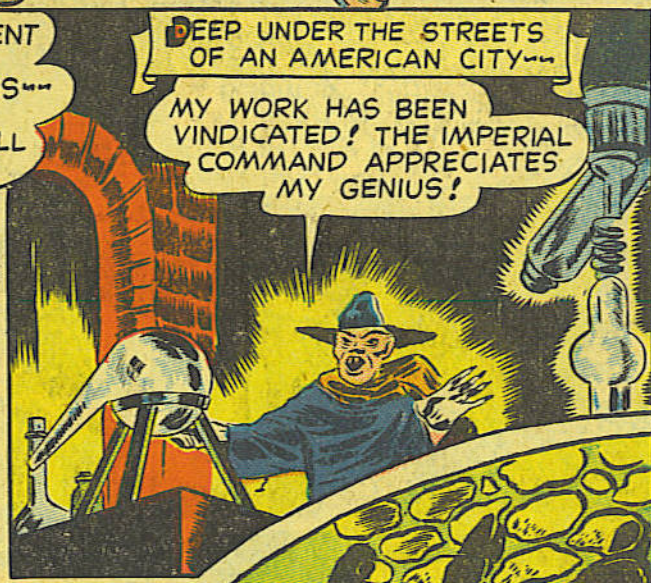
I'LL--GET THERE
MYSELF-- TAKE CARE
OF THEM-- MY LUNGS
ARE --ON FIRE--



I'VE GOT TO SA-
SAVE--
OO--OH!



NOW IS SAFE!
MEN OF NIPPON,
ADVANCE!



AMERICANS SHALL DIE!!
LEPROSY WILL STRIKE
THEM BY THE THOUSANDS!



PLASMA FROM
THE LEPEERS
LEAD TO ONE
GLASS BEAKER



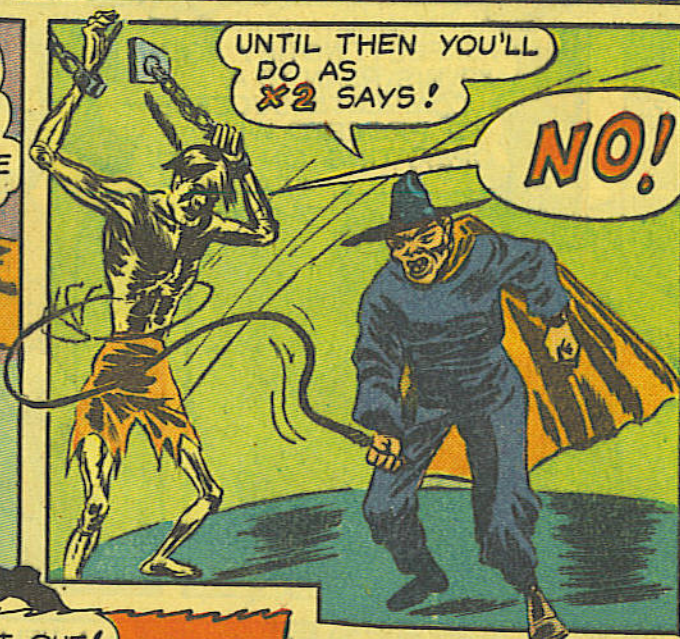
PLASMA FROM THE
BLOOD OF LEPEERS TO
REPLACE THE PURE
BLOOD PLASMA IN THE RED-
CROSS BLOOD BANK!
HOW THESE YANKEES
WILL SUFFER!!

YOU MAD FIEND! GIVE
ME DEATH! LET ME
DIE RATHER THAN
HELP YOUR FOUL
PLAN!



YOU'LL
DIE!
WHEN I
HAVE NO
FURTHER USE
FOR YOU!

UNTIL THEN YOU'LL
DO AS
~~X2~~ SAYS!



NO!

YOU'LL
THINK TWICE BEFORE
ADDRESSING ME!



I'LL GET OUT!
I'LL ESCAPE!

NO, DON'T
DO IT!



NO, I CAN'T!
LOOK!



AAAAGH

THE DOOR OF X2'S HIDEOUT
LEADS DIRECTLY INTO A
SECTION OF THE CITY'S
SUBWAY....



I CAN'T
OOOH!



GOOD HEAVENS!
SOMEONE IS ON
THAT TRACK!



HEY! WHAT
GOES ON?

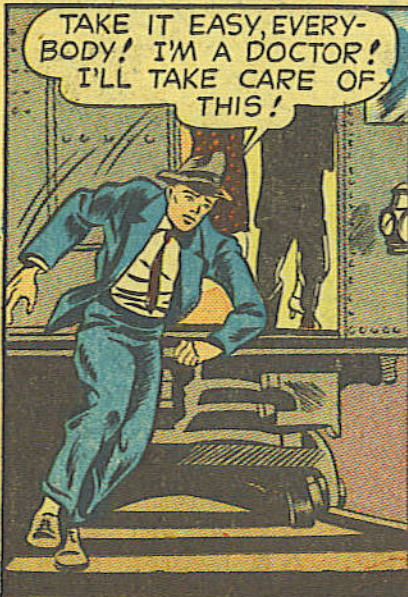
THE BRAKES!
THE MOTORMAN
JAMMED ON
THE BRAKES!



A TRAIN IS STOPPING
SUDDENLY! AND RIGHT
BEFORE THE DOOR TO MY
HIDEOUT! I'D BETTER
GO BACK AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENED!



TAKE IT EASY, EVERY-
BODY! I'M A DOCTOR!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THIS!



SO MY PET
HAS ESCAPED!

LEPER
BLOOD
PLASMA!



I'LL QUIET
HIM!



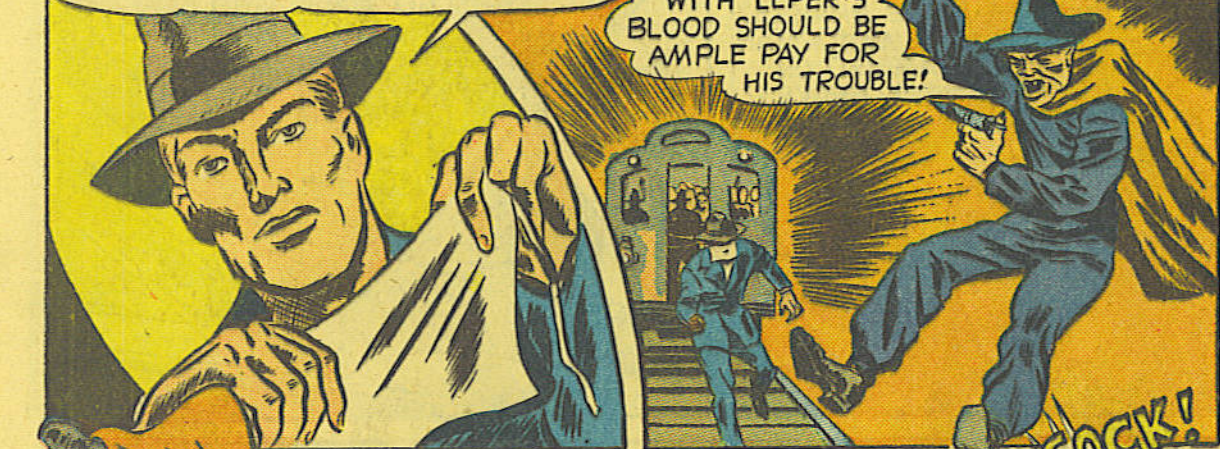
THE RAIL LANDS, CROSSING THE
BODY OF THE LEPER AND THIRD RAIL!

LOOK!



LOST, ARMLESS LEPEES IN THE
SUBWAY, KILLERS ROMPING
THROUGH THE STRUCTURE—
THIS SET-UP CALLS FOR DR. NEMESIS!

HA! IT SEEMS THE
FAMED DR. NEMESIS
IS AFTER ME! THIS
HYPO FILLED
WITH LEPER'S
BLOOD SHOULD BE
AMPLE PAY FOR
HIS TROUBLE!



YOUR ASSUMPTION
IS CORRECT!

AM I TO ASSUME
YOU WERE LOOKING
FOR ME?

AND NOW YOU THROW
BACK TO THE APES!
THERE ARE A FEW
QUESTIONS I WANT
TO ASK YOU!

ASK AWAY

BUT THIS IS
MY ANSWER!

RUN, RAT!
YOU'RE HEADING
RIGHT UP A
DEAD END!

UGH!!

I'M NOT
FINISHED YET!

YOU SEE I
HAVE A HYPO
TOO, ONLY MINE
CONTAINS TRUTH!
NOW START
TALKING!

YES YOU ARE,
BUDDY, ONLY
YOU DON'T
KNOW IT!

--AND SO FROM THE LEPERS
I MADE MY OWN BLOOD PLASMA.
I SNEAKED INTO THE RED CROSS
BLOOD BANK AND SUBSTITUTED
IT FOR THE PURE BLOOD PLASMA.
THIS PLASMA OF LEPROSY
WOULD BE SHIPPED TO THE
FIGHTING FRONT WHERE IT
WOULD BE GIVEN TO THE
SOLDIERS-- A
PLAGUE OF THE
DISEASE
WOULD FOLLOW,
AND THEN
OUR TROOPS
WOULD MOP
UP--

AS THE TRUTH SERUM
WEARS OFF, A SUDDEN
LEAP CATCHES DR. NEMESIS
BY SURPRISE

YOU HAVE
DEFEATED ME,
I CAN'T FACE
THE SHAME!

LATER...

--AND SO, DR. NEMESIS
FOUND A CAVE BENEATH
THE SUBWAY WHERE LEPERS
WERE KEPT IN CHAINS--
AND THAT EXPLAINS THAT
RECENT MASSACRE OF OUR
TROOPS BY THE
JAPS!

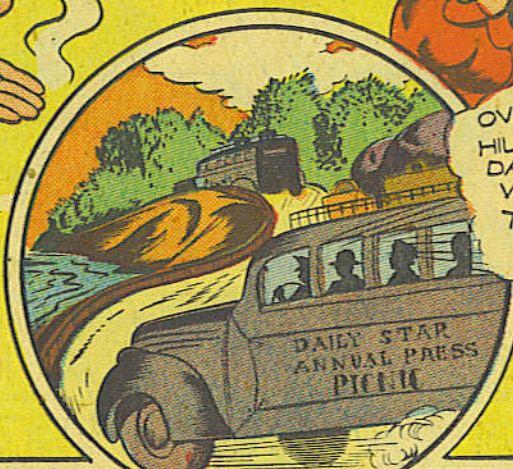
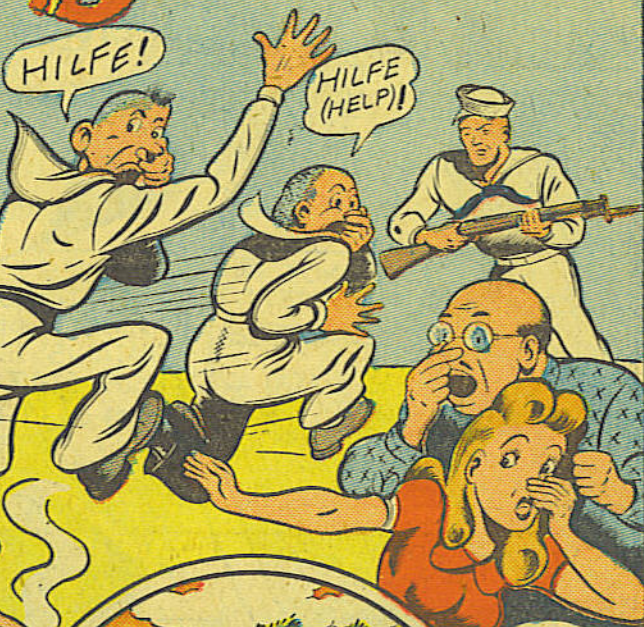
DR.
NEMESIS!
HE'S
WONDERFUL!
WHY AREN'T
YOU MORE
LIKE
HIM!

THIRD RAIL

IF YOU CAN'T GIVE YOUR BLOOD
TO THE RED CROSS, THE LEAST
YOU CAN DO IS BUY WAR BONDS

HAP HAZARD

JUST AS NOTHING CAN STOP THE ARMY AIR CORPS, SO NOTHING THAT MAN OR NATURE HAS DEvised CAN EVEN SLOW UP HAP HAZARD, DEMON COPY BOY OF THE DAILY STAR. NEITHER RAIN NOR SNOW, NOR SMELL OF SKUNK CAN STAY THAT BOLD COURIER OF THE PRESS FROM HIS DAILY ERRORS!



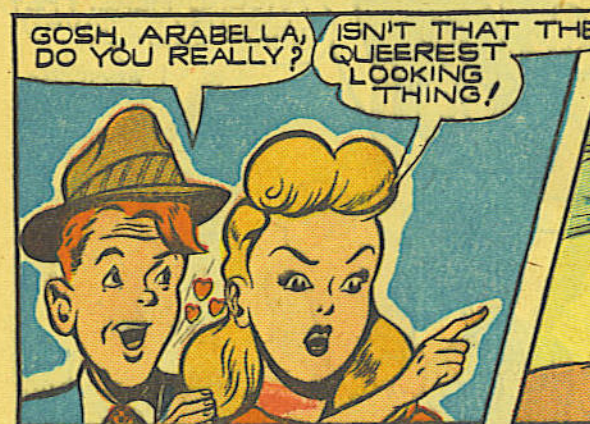
OVER HILL AND DALE, AS WE HIT THE DUSTY TRAIL

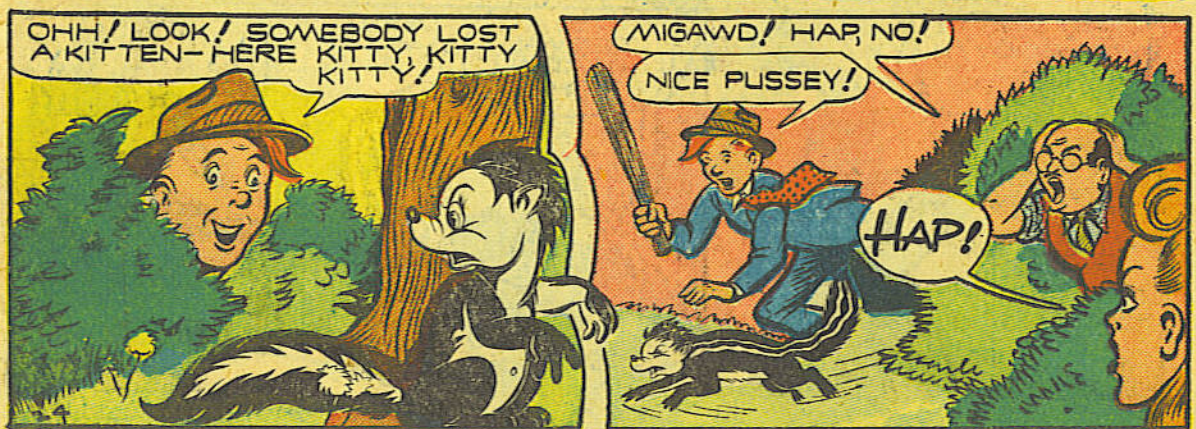
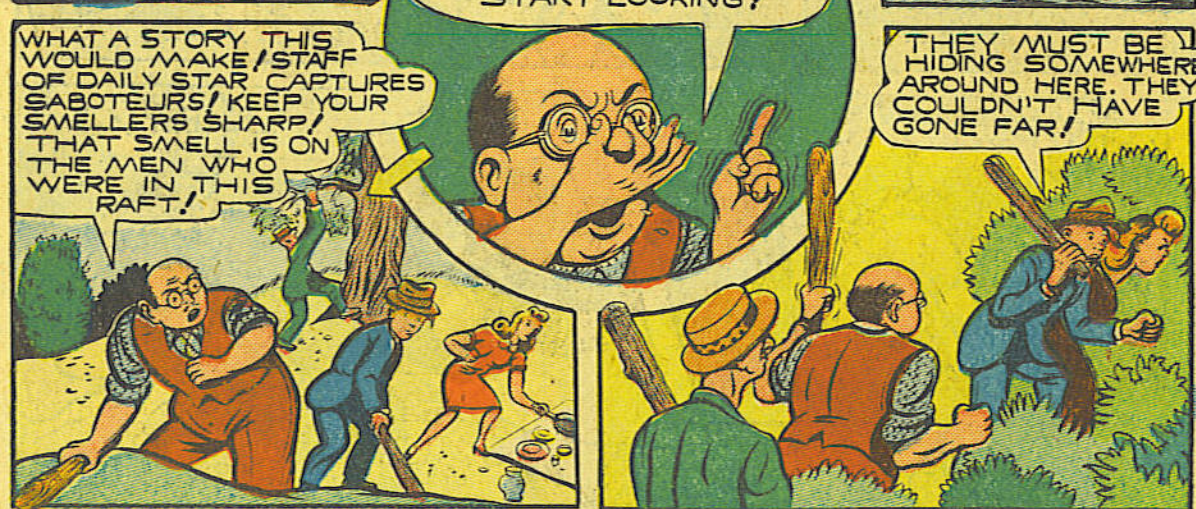
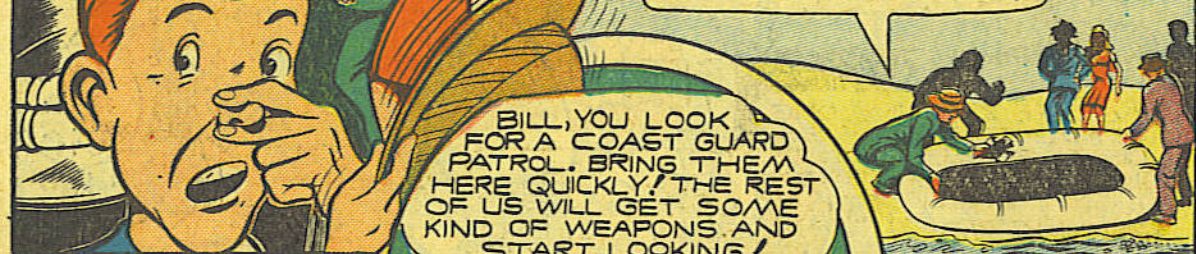
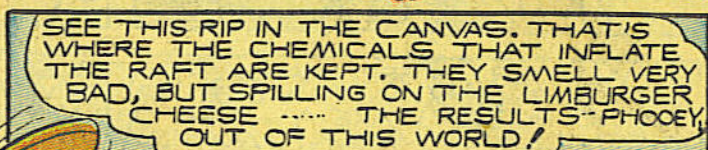
GEE, ARABELLA, YOU GOT A GORGEOUS VOICE.

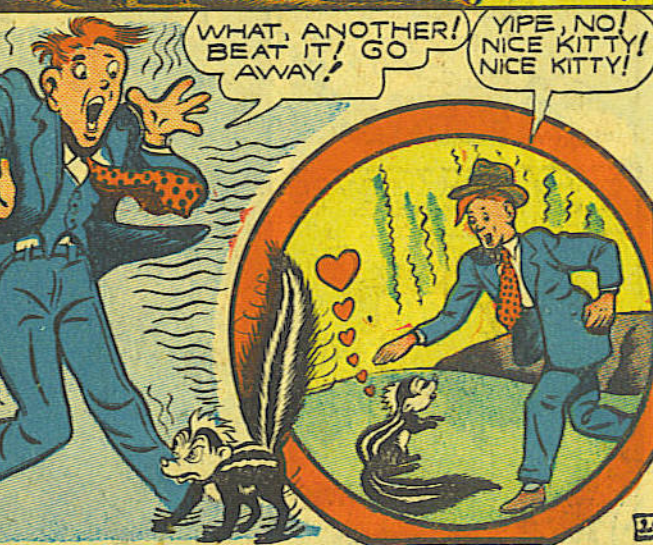
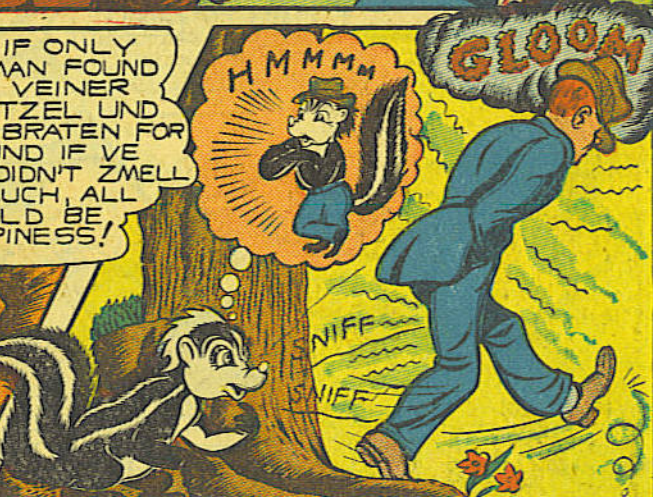
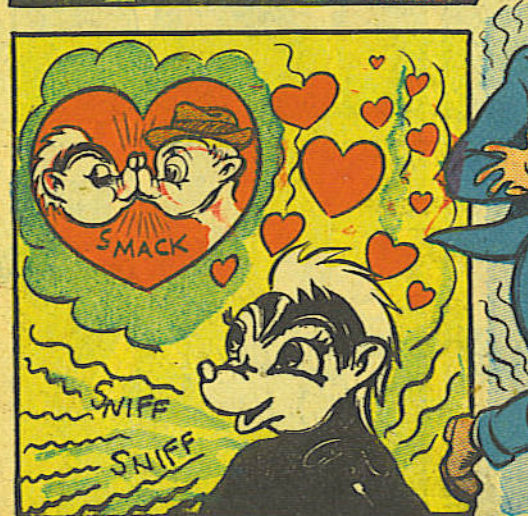
AND THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG

A-H-A-H-A-H

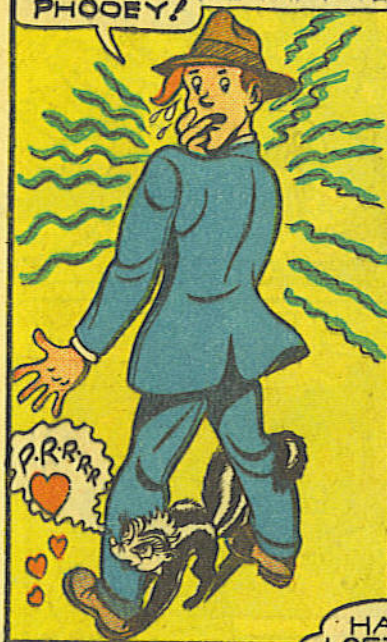








WHAT A LIFE! ARABELLA
TURNED AGAINST ME! THE
CHIEF HATES ME! ONLY
SKUNKS ARE MY FRIENDS!
PHOOEY!



THAT HAB HAZARD! SO
HELB BE IF I DEVER SEE
HIB AGAID, ID'LL BE TOO
SOOD! SO HELB BE, I'LL
FIRE HIB! HACHOO!



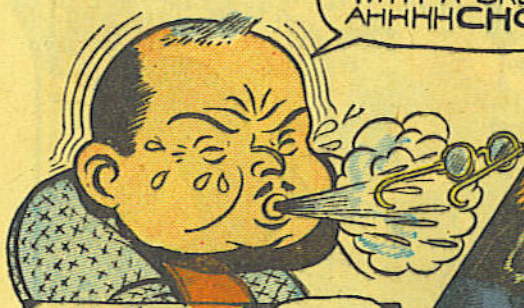
NO! YOU COAST
GUARDSMED'LL HAVE TO
LOOK BEFORE YOU SHOOD.
YOU CAN'T GO BY SBELL
ADY BORE!

HOWDY,
CHIEF,
ANY
LUCK!



HAB HAZARD
LOST AD ARGUBEDT
WITH A SKUNK!
AHHHHCHOO!

NUTS! WHAT
A LIFE!



SNIFF! SNIFF!
HMM, HERMANN
ISS COMING
BACK!

SNIFF! SNIFF!
YAH! DOT'S
HERMAN
ALL RIGHT!
I WONDER
DID HE
FIND ZOME
FOOD?

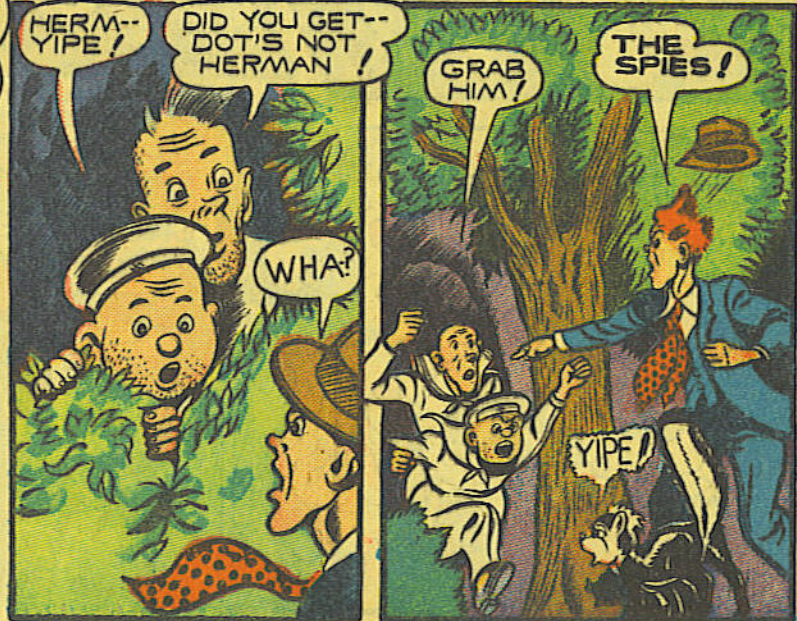
HERM--
YIPE!

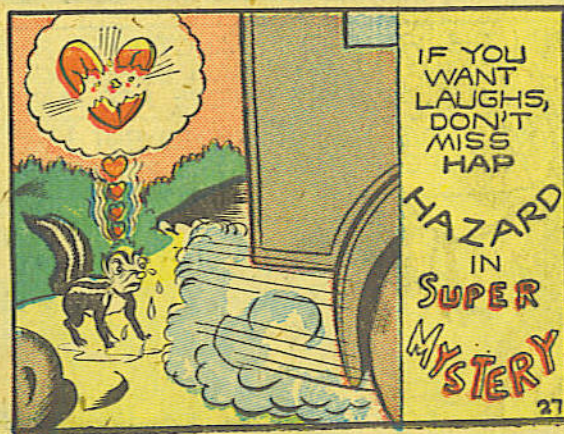
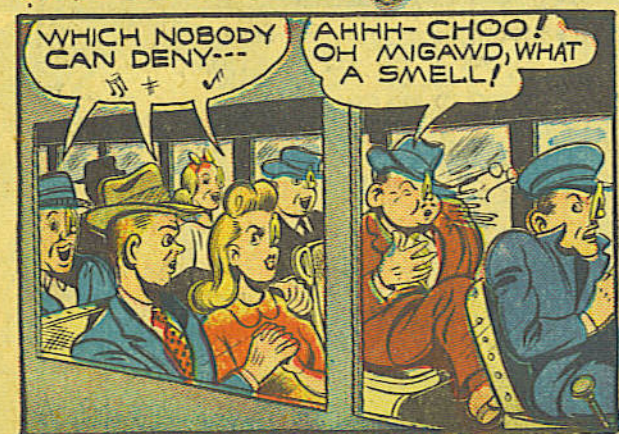
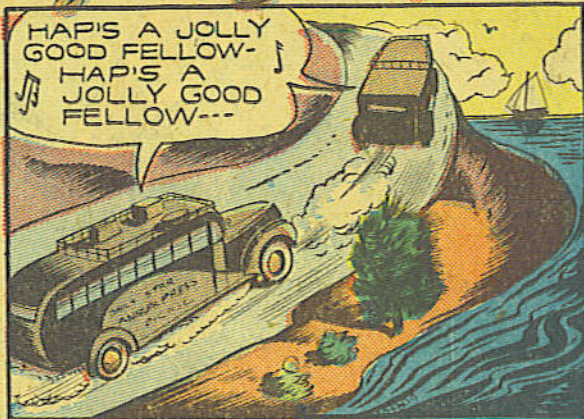
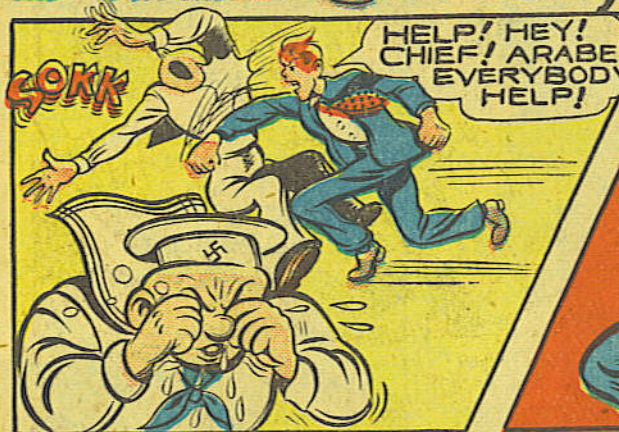
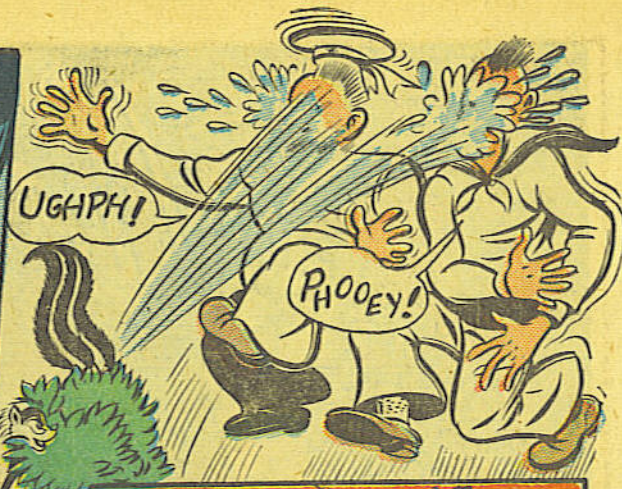
DID YOU GET--
DOT'S NOT
HERMAN!

WHA?

GRAB
HIM!

THE
SPIES!





The Sword



SO WHAT IF THE PLANT DOESN'T WORK TODAY? SO THOSE DIRTY FOREIGNERS FROM TRAILER-TOWN DON'T HAVE ANY PLACE TO LIVE! "THE WAR'LL GO ON JUST THE SAME!" THOSE ARE THE VERY WORDS HITLER WANTED TO HEAR. HATRED OF YOUR NEIGHBOR IS THE NAZI'S MIGHTIEST WEAPON -- SO POWERFUL THAT EVEN THE SWORD IS POWERLESS BEFORE IT!

IN THE FUEHRER'S SANCTUM -- FAYE MORGANA, HEAD OF NAZI ESPIONAGE IN THE U.S., APPEARS BEFORE HER MASTER.

WE HAVE HAD NOTHING BUT FAILURE IN THE UNITED STATES!



--NOT ONLY HAVE YOU FAILED TO STOP THE SWORD AND LANCER, BUT YOU HAVE FAILED TO STOP AMERICAN PRODUCTION... IF NOTHING ELSE, YOU MUST SABOTAGE THE LAKE AIRCRAFT PLANT!



I HAVE TRIED... I WAS TOO... EVEN MY... BE CHALLENGED...





I HAVE TRIED, BUT THE JOB WAS TOO MUCH FOR ME-- EVEN MY SORCERY WILL BE CHALLENGED! MERLIN HAS JOINED THE SWORD AND LANCER!

I HAVE ALLIES FOR YOU!

THE HUN AND THE GOTH!

I THOUGHT THEY WERE PRISONERS IN AMERICA!



OUR AGENTS SPIRITED THEM AWAY FROM THE WEAK AMERICAN JAILS. MY SCIENTISTS ARE FEEDING THEM A SPECIAL VITAMIN DIET TO DOUBLE THEIR STRENGTH!



WITH ALL THAT STRENGTH, WILL THEY HAVE THE COURAGE TO FACE THE SWORD AND LANCER AGAIN?

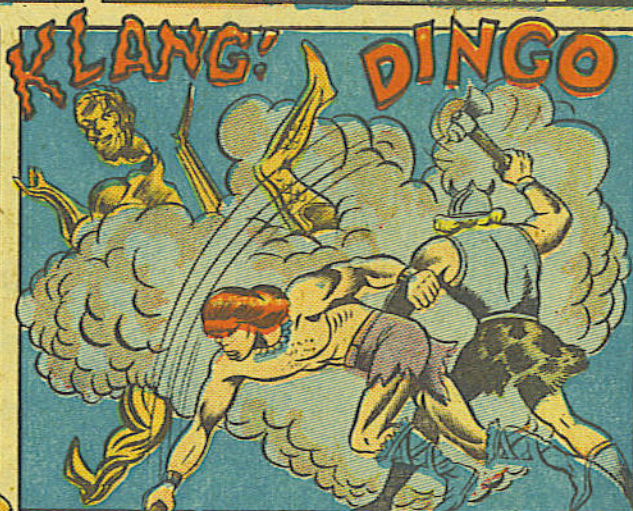
WATCH!



THESE STATUES ARE OF THE HARDEST PRECISION STEEL KNOWN TO SCIENCE!

AAAGH!

GRRRR!



LOOKS GOOD... BUT HOW DO I...?

I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE TWO GREATEST WARRIORS NAZI SCIENCE WAS ABLE TO PRODUCE... THE REST IS UP TO YOU!



A SHORT WHILE LATER IN A SECRET HIDEOUT IN LAKEVILLE, U.S.A.

IF WE PREVENT THE WORKERS FROM GETTING INTO THE PLANT, PRODUCTION IS BOUND TO STOP!

GOOD!

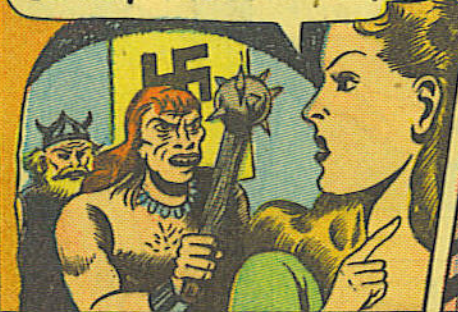
GOOD!



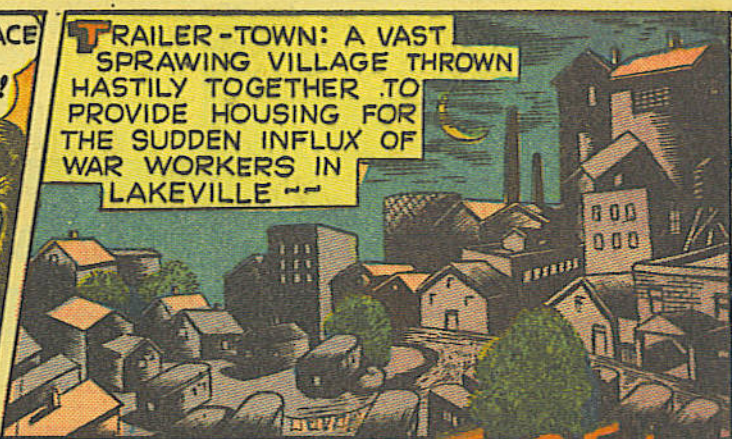
WE KILL!



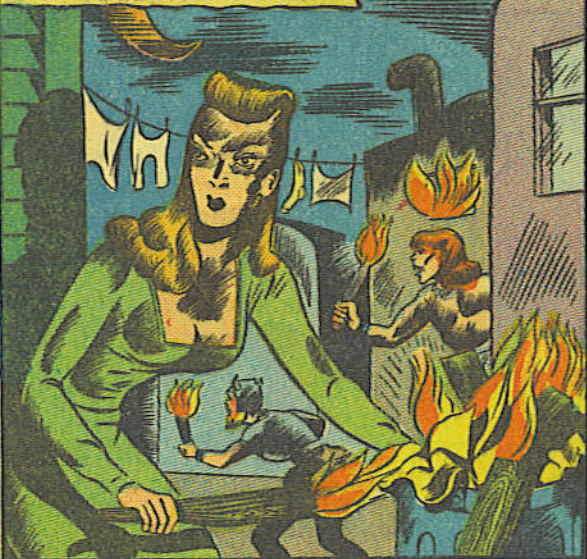
GIVE THE WORKERS NO PLACE TO LIVE, AND SOON THEY WILL BE UNABLE TO WORK! COME! FOLLOW ME!



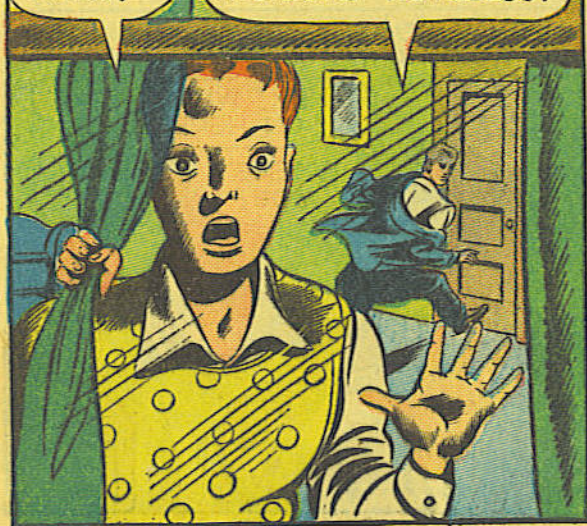
TRAILER-TOWN: A VAST SPRAWLING VILLAGE THROWN HASTILY TOGETHER TO PROVIDE HOUSING FOR THE SUDDEN INFLUX OF WAR WORKERS IN LAKEVILLE --



UNSEEN, HITLER'S AGENTS PUT THE TORCH TO THE TINDERLIKE STRUCTURES OF TRAILER-TOWN....



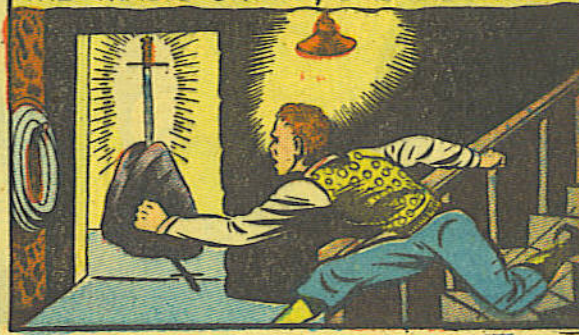
LOOK! DAD! FIRE IN TRAILER-TOWN! GREAT HEAVENS! THAT FIRE WILL LEAVE HALF MY WORKERS HOMELESS!



TRAILER-TOWN GOES UP LIKE A TINDER BOX-- AND AS FLAMES SPREAD, PANIC SPREADS WITH THEM....

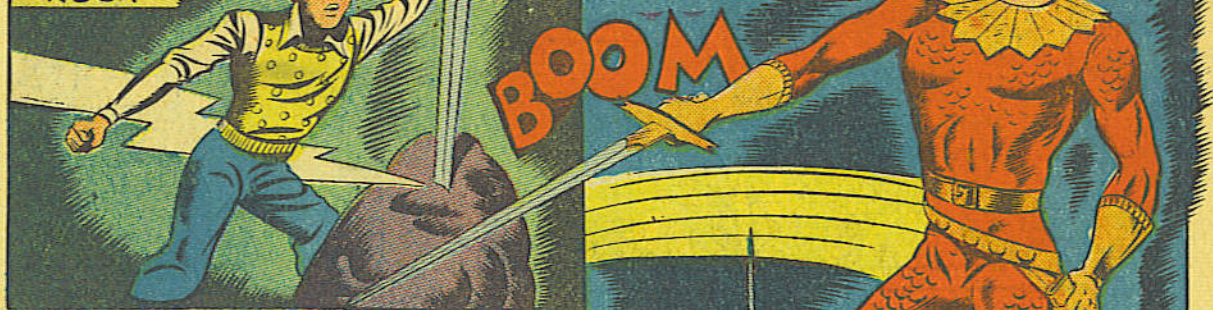


ARTHUR RUSHES INTO THE CELLAR, THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OF THE MAGIC SWORD, EXCALIBUR....



THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE
TORN ASUNDER AS ARTHUR
DRAWS EXCALIBUR FROM
IT'S SCABBARD
OF SOLID
ROCK --

ONE MOMENT, THE BOY,
ARTHUR LAKE--THE NEXT,
THE MIGHTIEST WARRIOR
THE WORLD HAS EVER
KNOWN, THE SWORD!

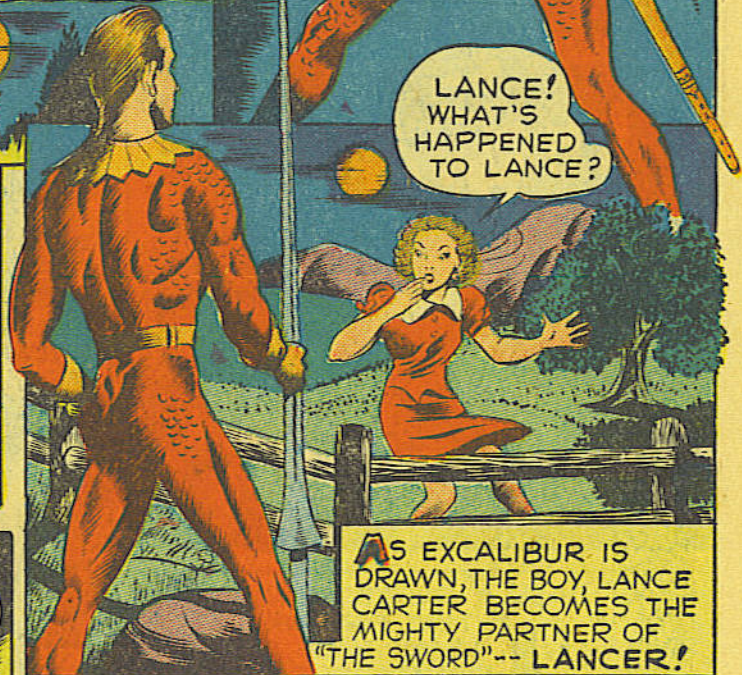


AT THE SAME MOMENT, ON A COUNTRY
LANE OUTSIDE OF TOWN, LANCE LARTER--

GOSH, MARY ELLEN, I'D
SURE LIKE TO--



LANCE!
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO LANCE?



AS EXCALIBUR IS
DRAWN, THE BOY, LANCE
CARTER BECOMES THE
MIGHTY PARTNER OF
"THE SWORD"-- LANCER!

AH ME! TO THINK THAT I,
MOE LYNNE, HERO OF
COUNTLESS VERBAL BATTLES,
SHOULD HAVE
TO STOOP
TO COMMON
LABOR--AH
ME! C'EST
LA GUERRE!



AND AT THAT MOMENT, MOE LYNNE
BECOMES THAT MASTER MAGICIAN, MERLIN.

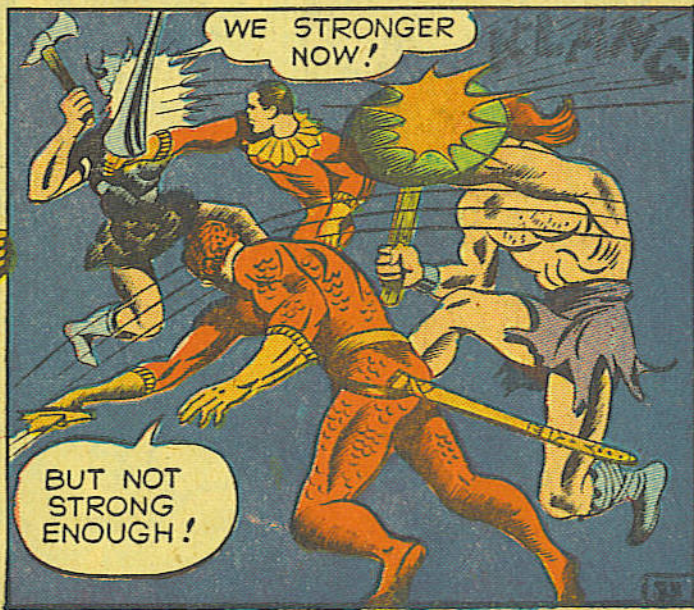
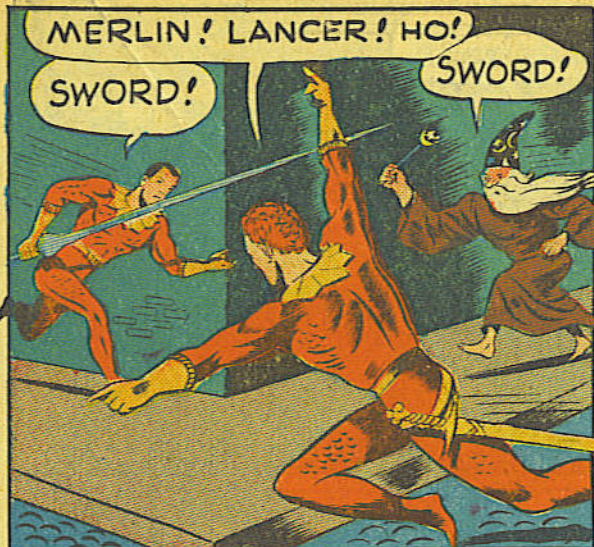
YIPE!
EGAD!

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN'
ON HERE?

WHERE'S
MOE?



AND IN THE LAKE WAR PLANT, A
GENT OF MANY TALENTS, MOE LYNNE.



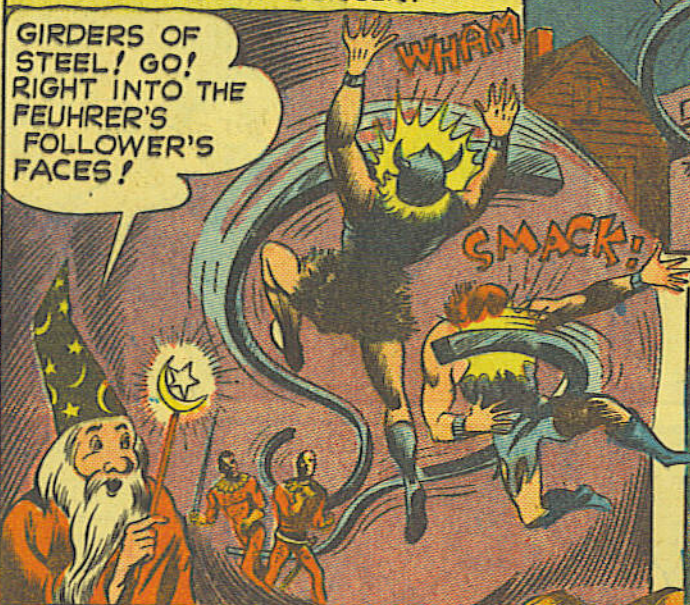


SEEING THAT HER COHORTS NEED HELP, MORGANA CALLS UPON HER SORCERY--
GIRDERS OF STEEL!
COME!

HEY!
WHAT'S
THIS?

BUT MERLIN KNOWS A THING
OR TWO ABOUT SORCERY--

GIRDERS OF
STEEL! GO!
RIGHT INTO THE
FEUHRER'S
FOLLOWER'S
FACES!



ONCE MORE MORGANA CALLS
UPON HER SORCERY, AND TRAILER-
TOWN IS SWEEPED WITH FLAMES!

QUICK, LANCER!
PEOPLE IN
TROUBLE!



LOOKS LIKE THE SWORD
AND LANCER ARE STILL TOO
POWERFUL! I'D BETTER GET
THE HUN AND GOTH OUT
OF HERE!





NICE WORK,
LANCER!

RIPP!



QUICK! OUTSIDE!
EVERYONE!



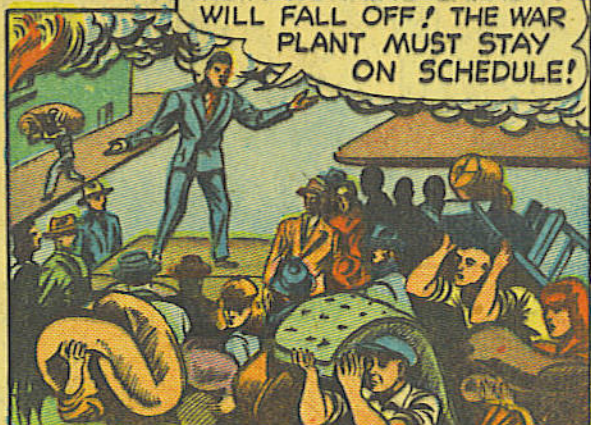
NO LIVES LOST--BUT
MORGANA AND HER
BULLIES GOT
AWAY!

HOORAY
FOR THE
SWORD!

HOORAY
FOR
LANCER!



NEITHER STRENGTH NOR
SORCERY CAN OVERCOME
THE SWORD AND LANCER--
BUT WE DID MAKE
HUNDREDS OF WORKERS
HOMELESS--NOW WE
MUST KEEP THEM
THAT WAY!



PEOPLE OF TRAILER-TOWN
MUST HAVE SHELTER
PROVIDED FOR THEM OR
THEIR WORKING CAPACITY
WILL FALL OFF! THE WAR
PLANT MUST STAY
ON SCHEDULE!



PEOPLE OF LAKEVILLE, YOU MUST
ALL OPEN YOUR
HOMES TO THE
VICTIMS OF
TRAILER-TOWN--
WE MUST
COOPERATE
IN THE
AMERICAN
WAY!

ROT! THEY'RE
JUST A DIRTY
BUNCH OF
FOREIGNERS!

HMMM!
HE LOOKS
LIKE HE'D
FALL FOR MY
LINE!



ARE YOU GOING TO LET HIM TALK
YOU INTO LETTING
THOSE FOREIGNERS
INTO OUR PART
OF TOWN?

O YEAH! IF
YA LET 'EM IN,
LAKEVILLE WILL
SOON BE AS FILTHY
AS TRAILER-TOWN!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
BUDDY!

WAIT A MINUTE, MR. LAKE, WE DON'T WANT A BUNCH OF DIRTY FOREIGNERS CLUTTERING UP OUR HOMES!

WE KNOW OUR RIGHTS!

THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!

IT'S WORKING OUT FINE! NOW IF I CAN JUST START A RIOT, THE PLANT WILL BE SHUT!

BUT OUR WIVES! OUR CHILDREN! THEY CAN'T SLEEP IN THE STREETS!

OW! HE--HE HIT ME!

OH!

WHAT? I DID NOT!

SO! YOU TRAILER TOWNERS ARE STARTING UP WITH OUR WOMEN, EH?

SOCK

TEMPERS INFLAMED BY THE FIRE AND EGGED ON BY MORGANA'S LIES-- THE FIGHTING BECOMES A RIOT!

DIRTY FOREIGNERS!

WANT OUR KIDS TO SLEEP IN THE STREETS!

KILL THEM!

POW

HIT MY FRIEND, WILL YOU?

COME ON, BOYS,
WE'VE GOT MORE
TO DO!



GADZOOKS,
GENTLEMEN,
LET US
HAVE
PEACE!

BREAK IT
UP!

CUT IT
OUT, YOU!

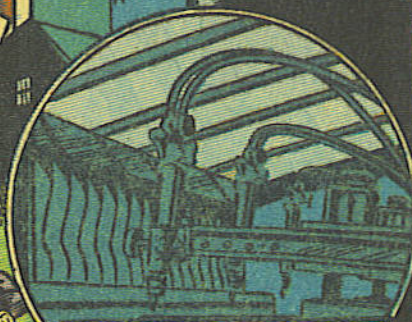
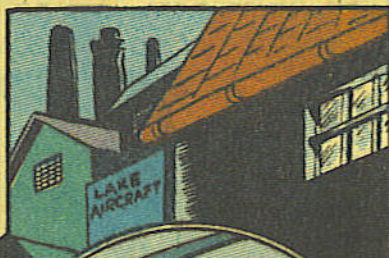


IF IT
WASN'T FOR
THE SWORD I'D
HAVE FIXED
THAT TRAILER-
TOWNER!

YEAH!
ME
TOO!



NEXT MORNING,
DAY BREAKS BUT
NO WORKERS
ENTER THE LAKE
WAR PLANT....
THE WORKERS
ARE MUCH TOO
BUSY FIGHTING
THEIR FELLOW
AMERICANS RATHER
THAN FIGHTING
HITLER....



MACHINES NEEDED
TO TURN OUT THE
SINEWS OF WAR
STAND IDLE!

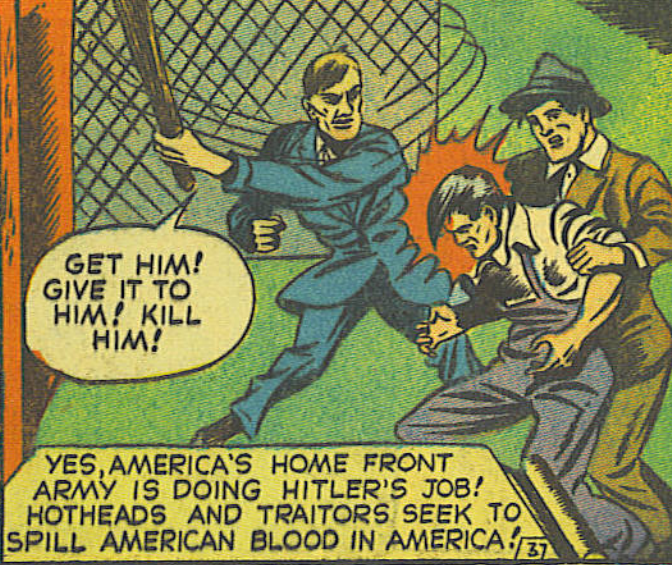


WHILE IN GERMANY

ACH, GOOT! AT LAST THE
VERDAMMT AMERICANS ARE
MADE READY FOR CONQUEST!
DIVIDE AND CONQUER! FIRST,
THEY FIGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES,
THEN THEY
ARE TOO WEAK
TO FIGHT
ME!

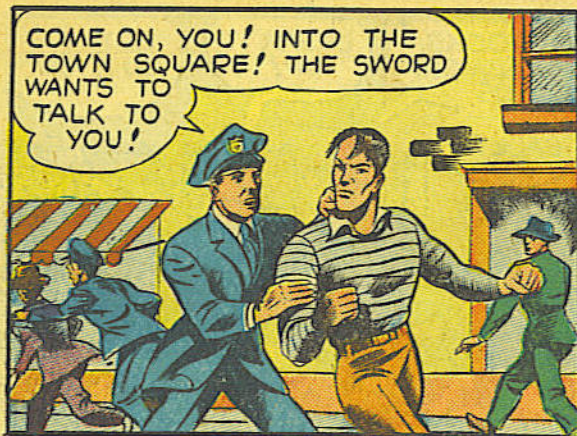


GET HIM!
GIVE IT TO
HIM! KILL
HIM!



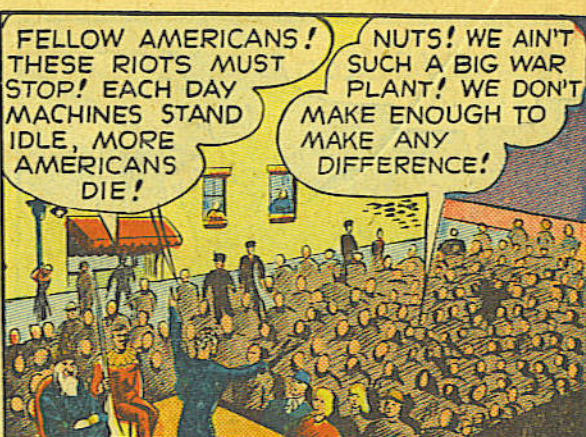
YES, AMERICA'S HOME FRONT
ARMY IS DOING HITLER'S JOB!
HOTHEADS AND TRAITORS SEEK TO
SPILL AMERICAN BLOOD IN AMERICA!

COME ON, YOU! INTO THE TOWN SQUARE! THE SWORD WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!



FELLOW AMERICANS! THESE RIOTS MUST STOP! EACH DAY MACHINES STAND IDLE, MORE AMERICANS DIE!

NUTS! WE AIN'T SUCH A BIG WAR PLANT! WE DON'T MAKE ENOUGH TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE!

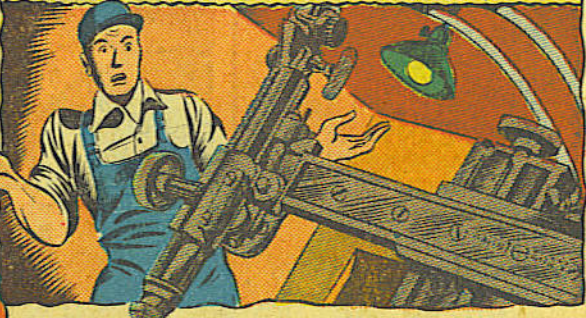


ALL WE'RE DOIN' IS MAKIN' SMALL WING PARTS! SO WE MISS A COUPLE OF SHIPMENTS! SO WHAT!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT! MERLIN! SOME MAGIC!

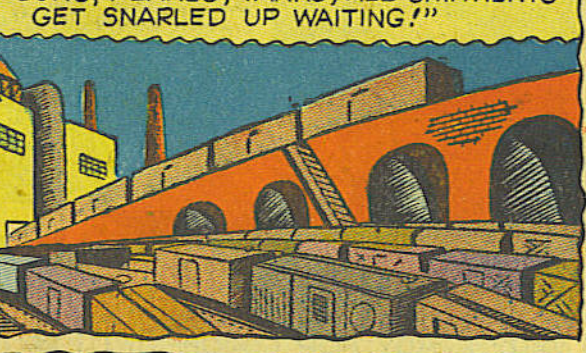


"THE SMALL WING PARTS ARE NEEDED TO COMPLETE P38 WINGS AT LOCKHEED BUT THEY DON'T GET THERE---AND WINGS DON'T GET FINISHED!"

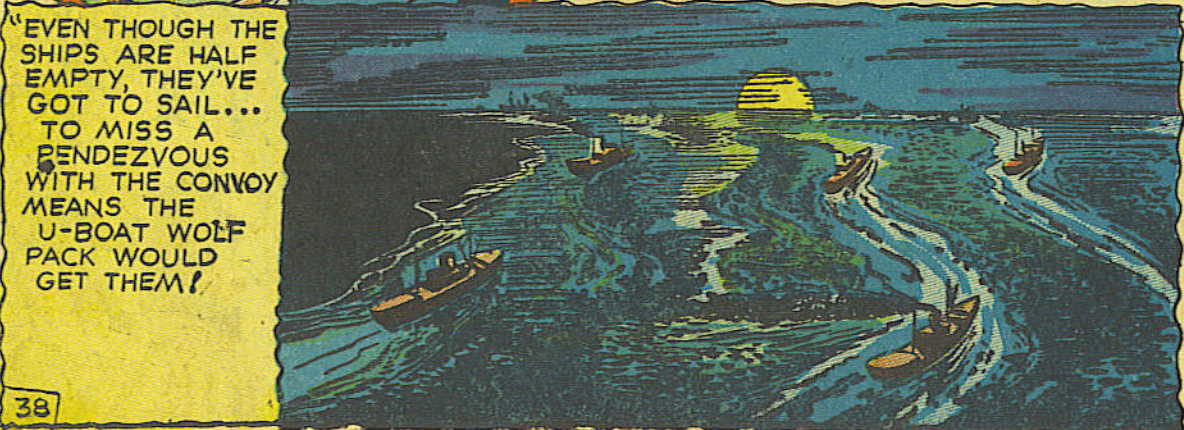


"WHEN ONE SECTION IS HELD UP, EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE PLANT IS HELD UP!"

"IF LOCKHEED DOESN'T DELIVER ON TIME, THE R.R. GETS JAMMED UP. FOOD, GUNS, PLANES, TANKS, ALL SHIPMENTS GET SNARLED UP WAITING!"



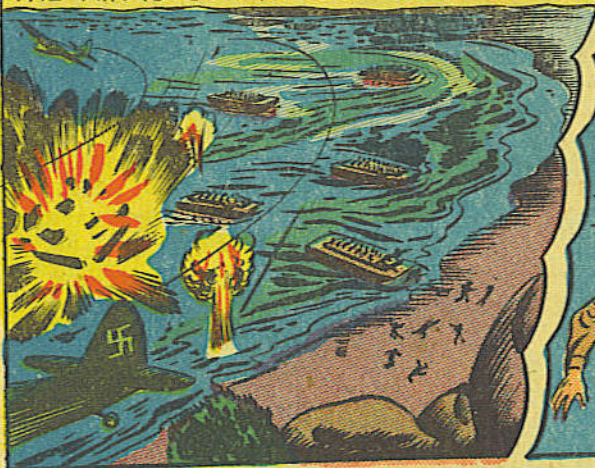
"EVEN THOUGH THE SHIPS ARE HALF EMPTY, THEY'VE GOT TO SAIL... TO MISS A RENDEZVOUS WITH THE CONVOY MEANS THE U-BOAT WOLF PACK WOULD GET THEM!"



"TOO MANY PLANS AND TOO MANY MEN ARE INVOLVED IN AN INVASION TO STOP BECAUSE A HALF EMPTY CONVOY PULLS INTO PORT--"



"EVEN WITH INSUFFICIENT AIR COVER, THE INVASION GOES AHEAD-- AND TAKES A TERRIFIC PASTING BECAUSE THE AIR IS CONTROLLED BY THE NAZIS!"



"WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN COURAGE OUR BOYS SWARM ASHORE IN THE FACE OF A WITHERING CROSS FIRE-- BUT AMERICAN COURAGE ISN'T ENOUGH!"



WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR AIR COVER--OUR PLANES?

ARE YOU GOING BACK TO YOUR MACHINES, OR ARE YOU GOING TO LET DOWN YOUR SONS AND BROTHERS?



WE'RE GOING BACK!

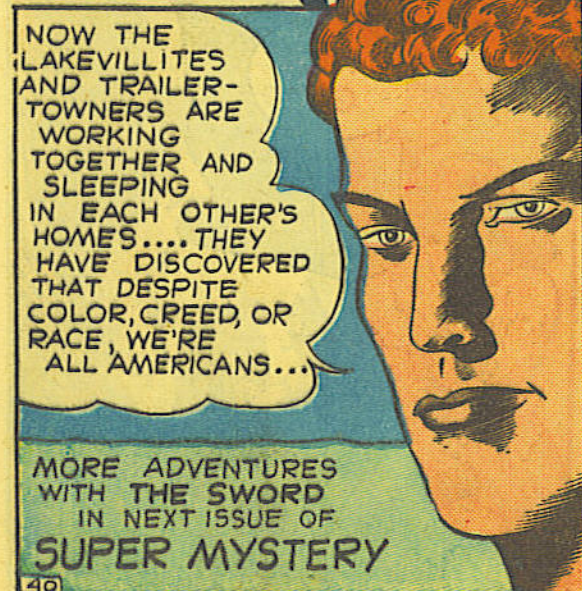
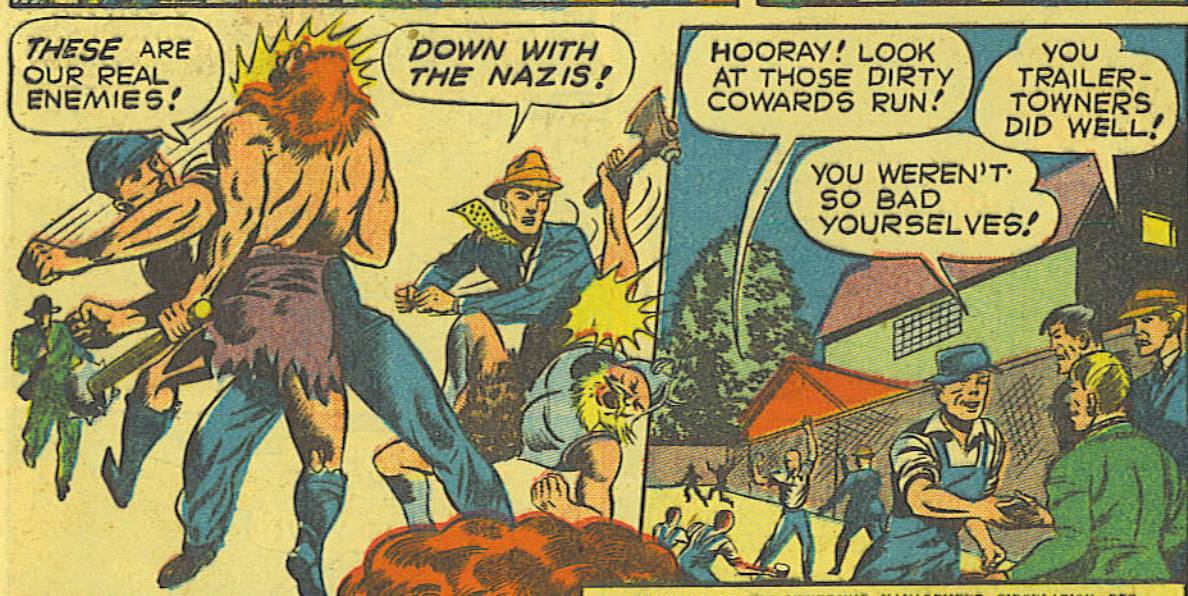
YEAH, BACK TO WORK!

WE HAVE FAILED AGAIN! WE HAVE JUST ONE MORE CHOICE! IT IS UP TO YOU!



YAH!

WE GO!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

County of New York, State of New York, at the County of New York, filed, Mass. for October 1, 1943.

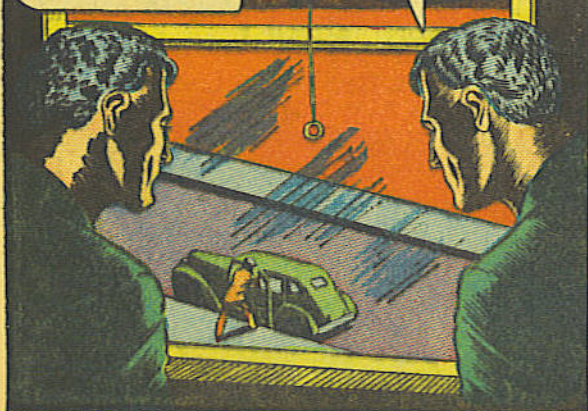
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the Super-Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodying in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn, Editor, A. A. Wyn, Managing Editor, Frederick, Secretary, Business Managers, A. A. Wyn, all of 67 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Periodical House, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.; Warren A. Angel, Rockville Centre, New York; C & A Publishing Co., Mount Morris, Ill.; E. Campbell, Mount Morris, Ill.; E. L. Angel, Rockville Centre, N.Y.; Ace Magazines, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.; A. A. Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.; Rose Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.; Warren A. Angel, Rockville Centre, N.Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation by whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing an owner's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock, and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September 1943.
SHIRLEY L. BRICK
Notary Public Queens Co. Ch. No. 5296
Certificate filed in N.Y. County No. 1107
Commission Expires March 20, 1945
A. A. Wyn, Publisher.



THERE GOES DAD AGAIN, TIM, TO PAY MORE BLOOD MONEY TO THAT BLACKMAILER. I'M GOING TO FOLLOW HIM AND PUT A STOP TO THIS



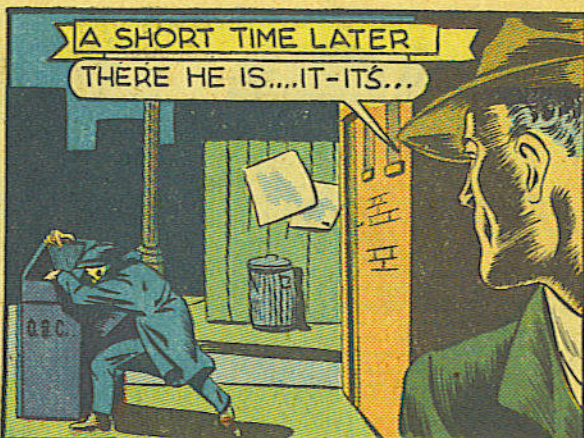
WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS TOM, DAD KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!



IT IS MY BUSINESS! THAT FIEND DAD CALLS THE COUGAR HAS GONE TOO FAR. I DON'T KNOW WHY HE'S BLACKMAILING DAD, I JUST KNOW IT HAS TO STOP!



DAD MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG SOME YEARS AGO...AND NOW HE'S BEING BLED FOR IT!

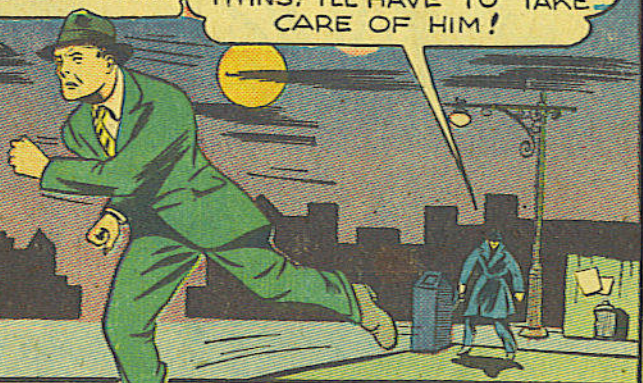
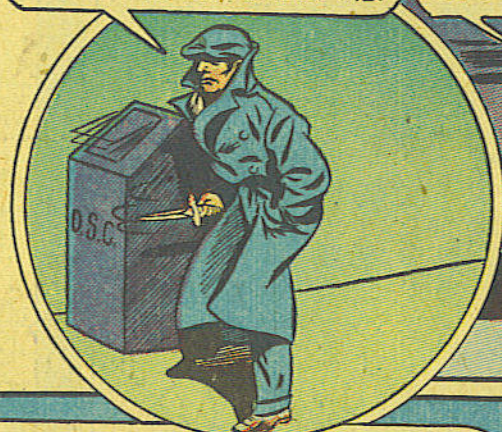


A SHORT TIME LATER
THERE HE IS....IT-IT'S...

SOMEONE'S IN THAT DOORWAY! WATCHING ME!

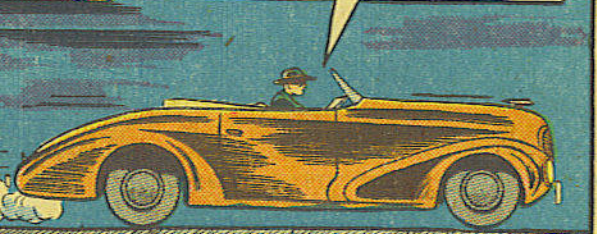
HE'S ARMED! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

TURNER'S KID! ONE OF THE TWINS! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM!



WHAT CAN I DO! I CAN'T CALL THE POLICE. DAD WAS PAYING BLACK-MAIL TO KEEP SOMETHING QUIET. IF I TELL THE POLICE ABOUT THE COUGAR HE'LL SPILL WHATEVER DAD WAS TRYING TO HIDE!

HE MUST HAVE RECONIZED ME! IF I DON'T HAVE HIM STOPPED HE'LL TRY TO KILL ME BECAUSE I CAN IDENTIFY HIM.... BUT I CAN'T GO TO THE POLICE!... I KNOW! MR. RISK!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER..
AT HOME!

MR. RISK! THE MAN WHO KNOWS NO FEAR AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION AND SERVANT, ABDUL!

AND YOU THINK HE'LL TRY TO KILL YOU TO SEAL YOUR LIPS? LOCK ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS! I'LL GET THERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

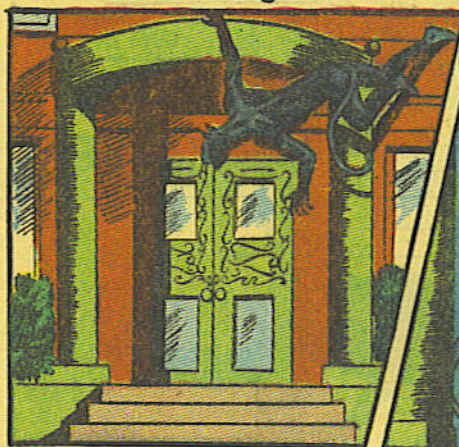
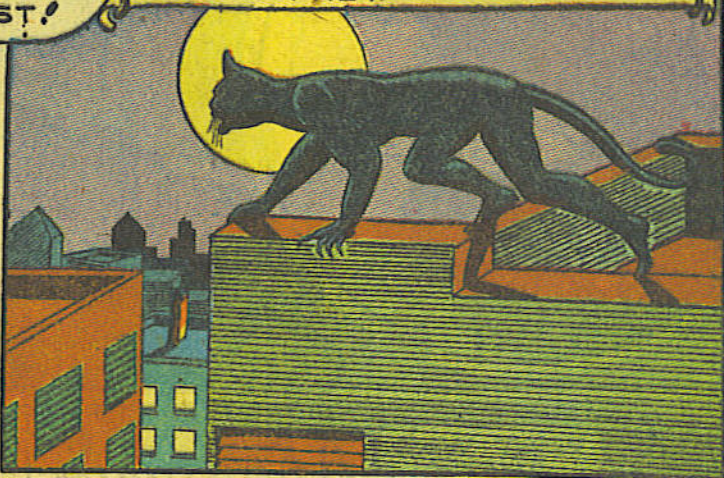
MR. RISK!
MR. RISK!
MY LIFE...
IT'S IN DANGER... I NEED HELP!



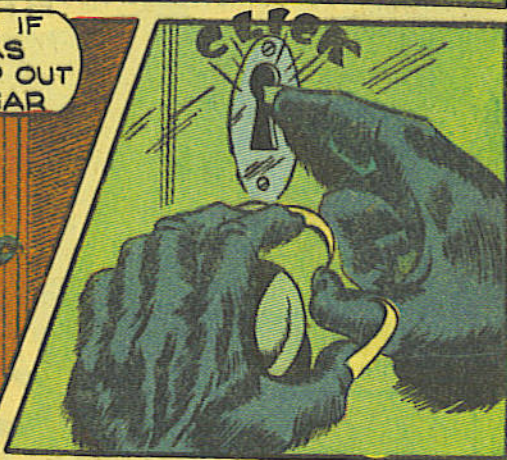
YOU THINK THERE IS NEED FOR GREAT HURRY MASTER?

INDEED, YES, ABDUL! IN DEALING WITH CRIMINALS ONE MUST STRIKE FAST!

NO TRUER WORDS WERE EVER SPOKEN! FOR EVEN AS MR. RISK AND ABDUL RACE THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE COUGAR STALKS HIS PREY.



LOCKED! AS IF SIMPLE LOCKS COULD KEEP OUT THE COUGAR

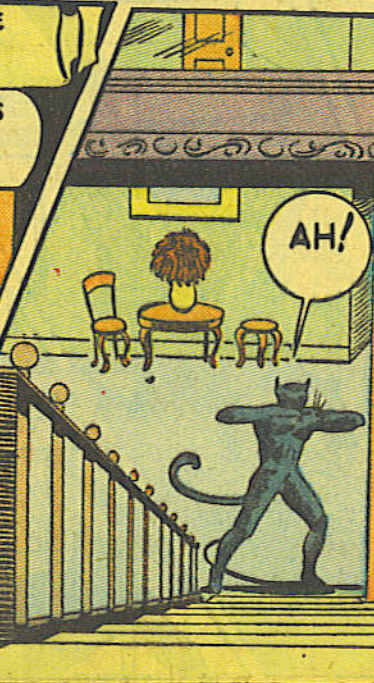


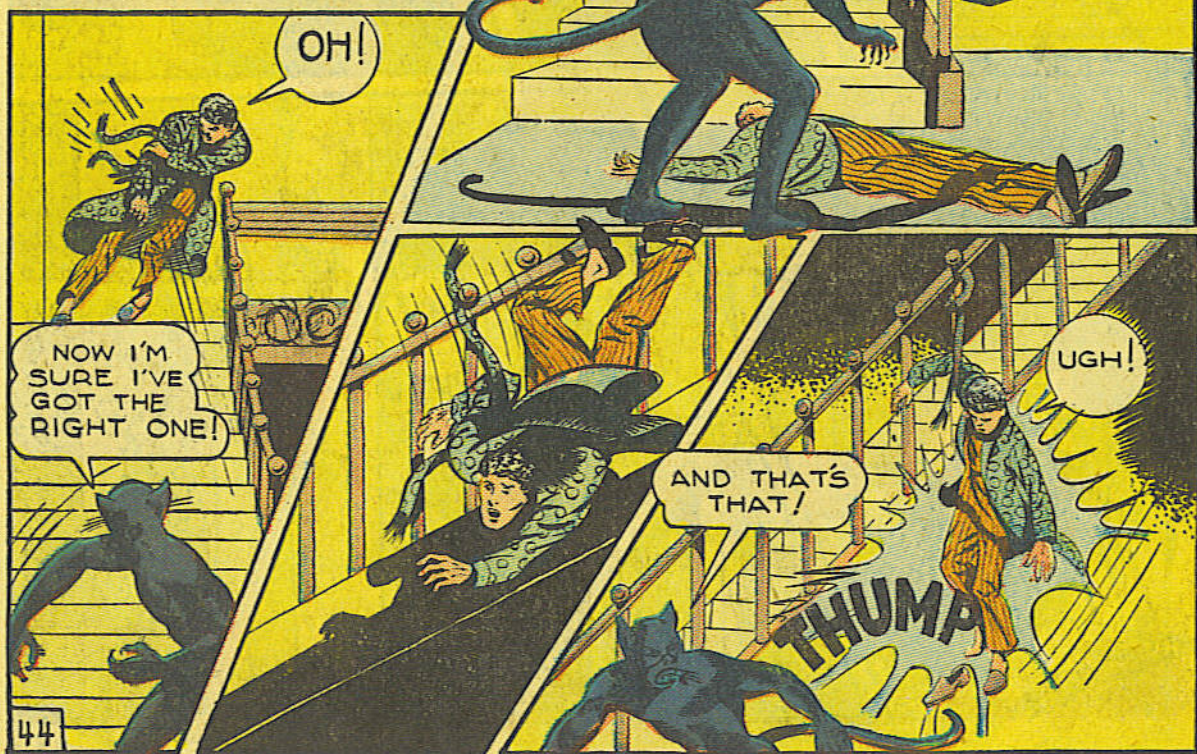
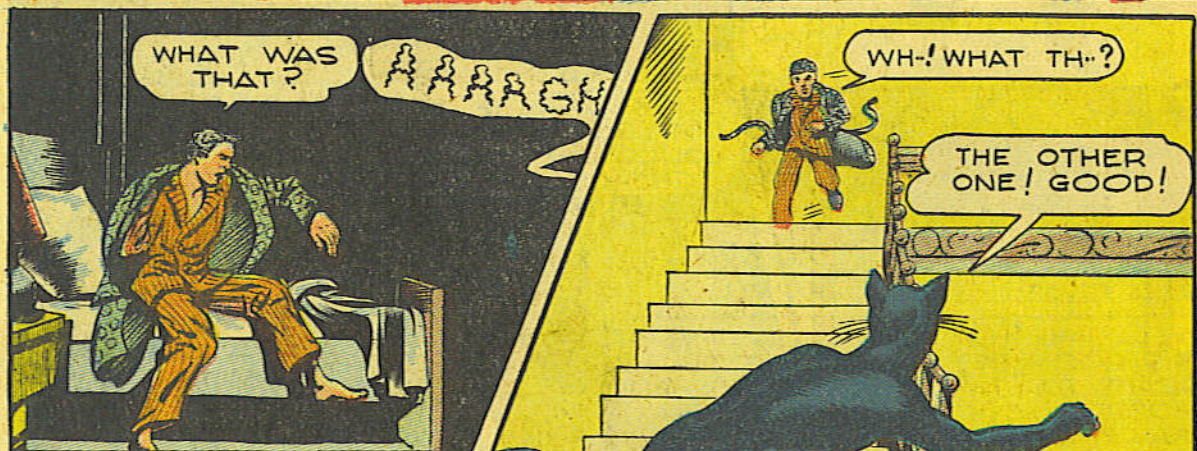
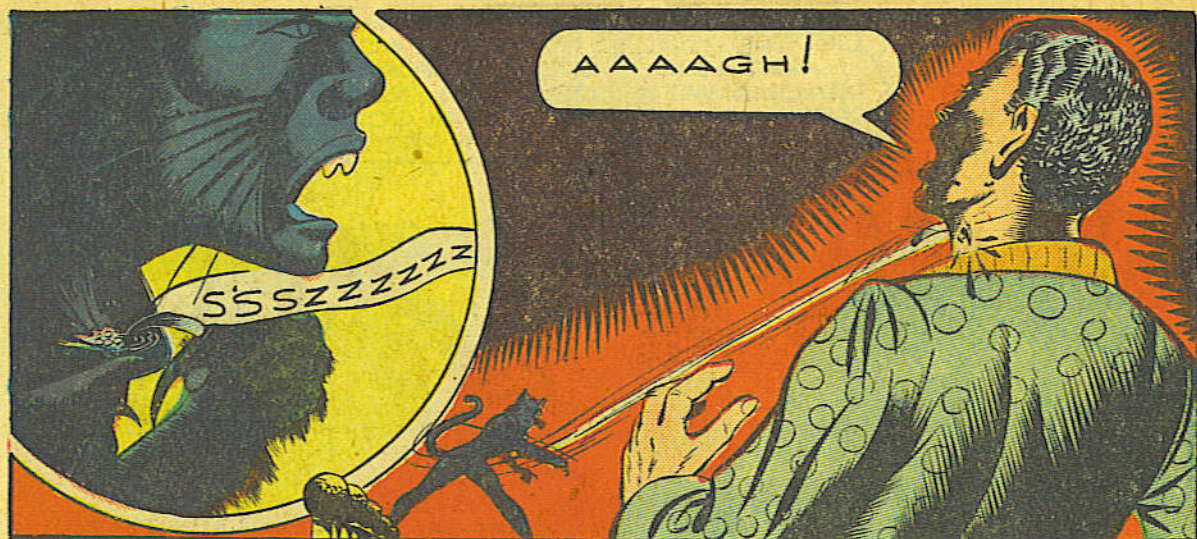
IN THE TWINS' ROOM, ONE OF THE TWINS HEARS A STRANGE SOUND!

STRANGE! SOUNDS LIKE A CAT IN THE HOUSE!



PURRRRR!





A SHORT WHILE LATER

LOOKS LIKE
THE COUGAR
GOT HERE
BEFORE US!

MR. RISK!
WHY ARE
YOU HERE?

TOM CALLED ME

MASTER!

LOOK,
MASTER!

THIS ONE IS STILL ALIVE,
WE CAN STILL SAVE
HIM! THE BELT OF HIS
ROBE FORMED A
TORNQUET AND
PREVENTED THE POISON
FROM LEAVING HIS
ARM!

I SUCK
OUT POISON,
MASTER.

GREAT WORK, ABDUL.
HELLO! CITY
HOSPITAL
EMERGENCY!

WE'LL TAKE HIM TO
HIS ROOM, GET HIM
READY FOR THE
HOSPITAL. BY THE
WAY, WHO IS THIS
TIM OR TOM?

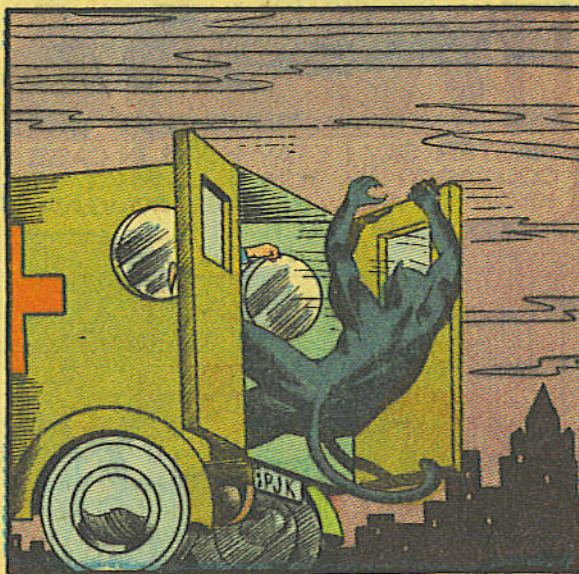
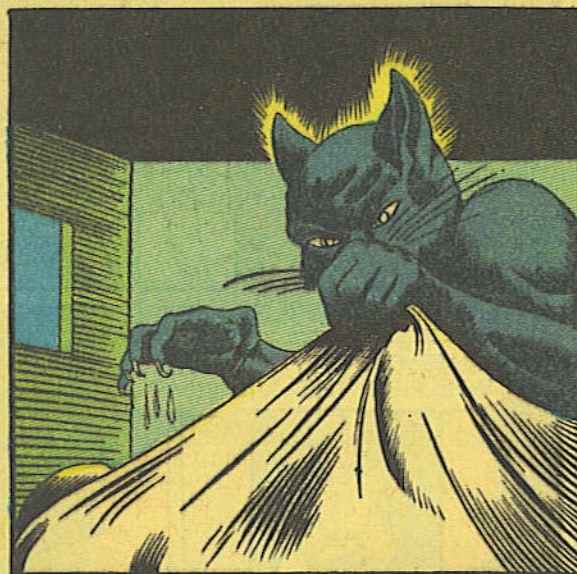
YOU'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TILL HE
RECOVERS. HE
CAN TELL YOU,
WE CAN'T TELL
THEM APART

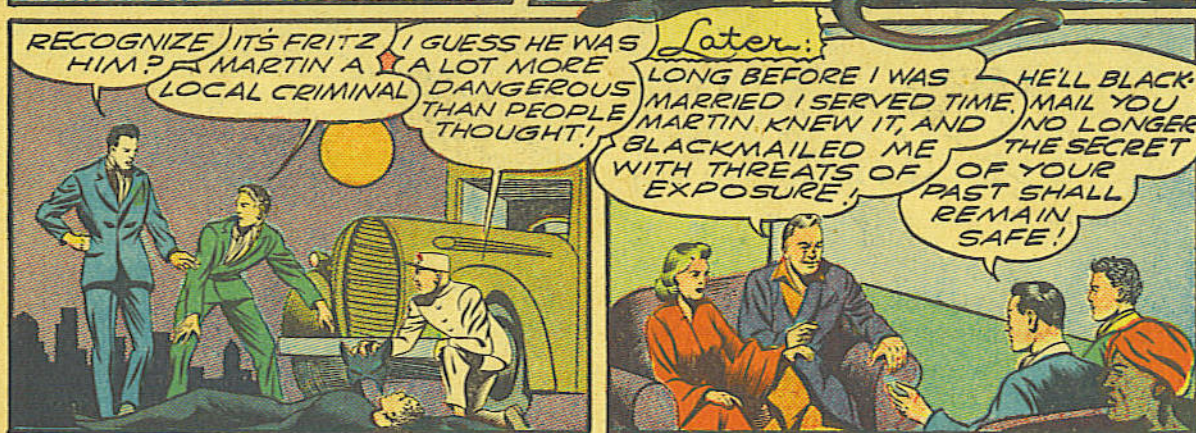
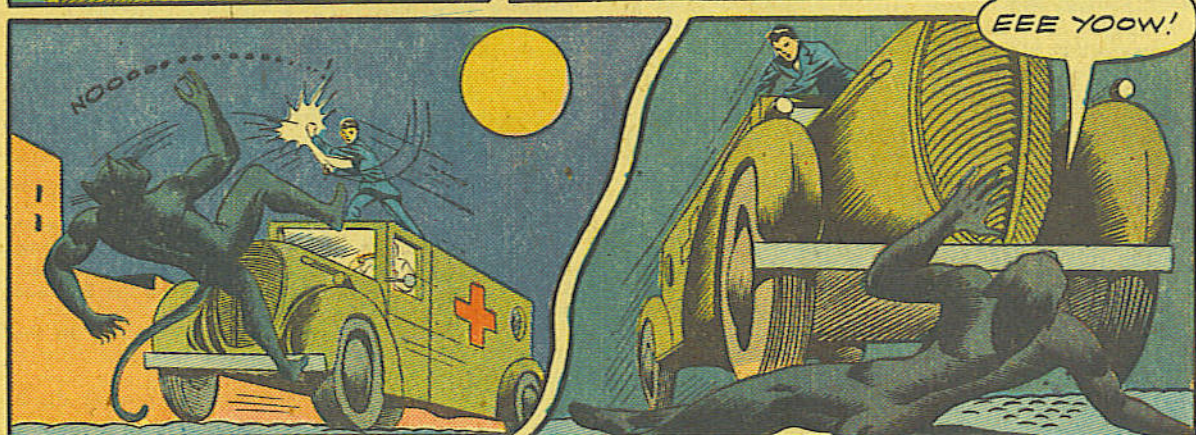
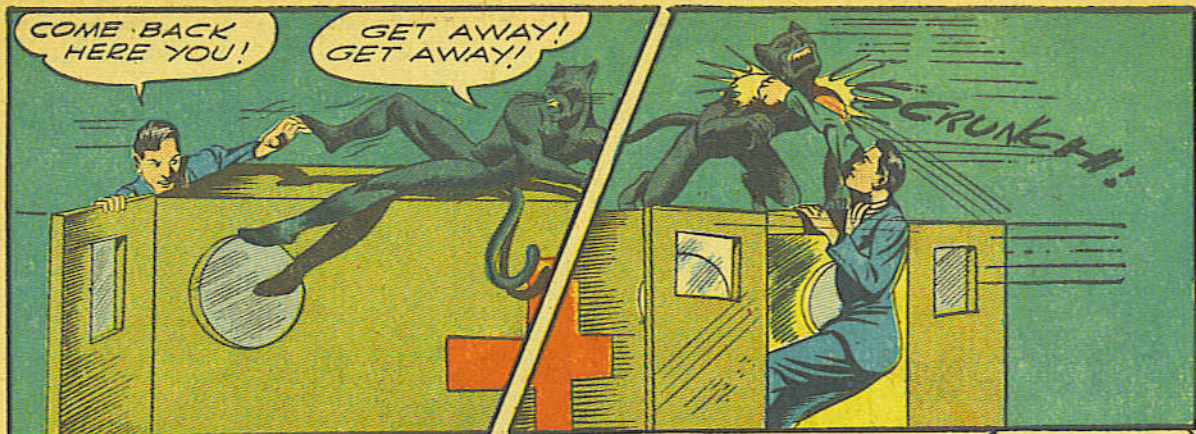
A SHORT WHILE LATER

I'M FROM CITY HOSPITAL.
WHERE'S THE VICTIM?

MASTER SAY I STAY HERE IN CASE
COUGAR THINK TOM TELL WHAT HE
KNOW TO YOU... IN CASE COUGAR
COME BACK TO KILL
SOME MORE

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
LET'S GET GOING





The Gold-

By Cliff

THE Desert Queen was crowded tonight—but Jard Santee sat alone. Santee was a gunman, a killer, a pariah among honest, decent men. He was big, with a slablike body that held unbelievable power and speed and agility. Below bristly red hair, his hawkish features were predatory. Dull yellow eyes swam with naked cruelty and arrogant contempt for his fellow men. Jard Santee recognized only one superior—Jack Blood, self-styled boss of the Jornado range. Santee was Jack Blood's watchdog.

More than usual, those in the Desert Queen avoided Jard Santee tonight. For they knew by the sardonic light in his eyes, but the sullen droop of his thin lips, that he was kill-hungry. And they were careful to do nothing that might let loose his swift gun-wrath. Santee sat at a table that was apart from all others, near a closed door that opened into a back room. Beyond this door was Santee's boss, Jack Blood, sitting in a big-stake poker game.

Jard Santee shifted restlessly, watching with sullen resentment the noisy revelry in the big room. He fiercely hated these laughing, roistering men who thought they were too good to drink or gamble with him. Later, maybe, his resentment would explode in swift, deadly action. His lips twitched as he thought of how Jack Blood was slowly gaining control of this fertile range.

Wiry, bearded Teton Smith and rawboned old Sam Brett sat at the bar, sipping their drinks.

"Like a desert rattler," Teton said, watching Santee. "And twice as mean," Sam Brett nodded. "Jack Blood, I hear, is losin' again tonight."

"Money that's not rightly his to lose."

"But it will be, tomorrow," Sam Brett pointed out. "When old Dave Parnell died, you remember, he willed his stepson, Jack Blood, five thousand dollars in cash. And to his son, Johnny Parnell, he willed the Rafter T and everything on it—provided Johnny Parnell showed up within one year to claim it. If the kid didn't show up inside a year, then the Rafter T went to Jack Blood along with the five thousand. The year's up tomorrow—and Johnny Parnell hasn't come back."

"And won't," old Teton said regretfully. "Been ten years since the button left, ain't it? He was fifteen then. It was soon after Dave Parnell married the second time, Jack Blood's mother. Jack was older'n Johnny, and was allus bullyin' the kid. That's why Johnny Parnell lit a shuck. He couldn't get along with his stepbrother. Don't reckon old Dave ever heard from the kid, but he kept hopin' he'd come back home."

SAM BRETT stared morosely into his empty glass. "I hate like hell to see Jack Blood get control of the Rafter T. Dave Parnell had loaned considerable money before he died, you recollect, takin' mortgages on several ranches as security. He's got paper against my outfit, and yours. Tomorrow, Jack Blood will own that paper. You sabe what'll happen then."

"He'll close down," Teton nodded. "Well, you'll have to admit Jack Blood tried to find Johnny Parnell, to tell him his daddy was dead and he owned the Rafter T."

"Finally located him in Texas, I hear—just too late. The kid had just had an accident the day before, seems like. Him and his brone had gone over a high canyon wall into a river. Didn't nobody see it happen, and they didn't find the kid's body. But they found his hoss, lodged on a drift, and it was plain Johnny Parnell had died in the canyon. That's the story a Texas sheriff sent back here, and I reckon it musta been gospel."

"Reckon so," said Teton. "Well, looks like the devil takes care of his whelps—"

The batwings flapped, and a man came into the Desert Queen. He was lean, tawny-haired, with a ragged scar writhing across one side of his brown young face. A thonged-down gun rode low on his thigh. His smoky eyes probed the room briefly, then he crossed to the bar, limping slightly as he threaded his way among the dancers. He turned, his back to the bar, his tawny eyes again sweeping the room.

That gaze touched Jard Santee, and paused. Deliberately, insolently, he stared at the hawk-faced killer. Santee stirred, like a disturbed rattler, a puzzled look in his dull eyes.

Teton Smith whispered: "The crazy young fool—Santee's been lookin' for a victim all night!"

But Santee did nothing, just sat there with powerful shoulders hunched forward. The lean youth's gaze passed on. He waited till the jangly music had stopped, then he called loudly:

"Sashay to the bar, gents—I'm buyin'. Just call me the Gold-Dust Kid, eager for free drinks."

There was a swift movement toward the bar. Ranchers, sheepmen, miners—all gathered about the Gold-Dust Kid, eager for free drinks.

Jard Santee came last, moving across the floor with a jerky, crablike gait. Sudden quiet gripped the room. Jard Santee was an outcast, a kill-for-money gunman. But the Gold-Dust Kid was a stranger on the Jornado range—maybe he didn't know that.

The Gold-Dust Kid stood still with his back to the bar, and in the silence his voice was like frosted steel.

"Crawl back to your table, Santee—I don't drink with snakes!"

Jard Santee rocked back on his heels, as if he'd been slapped in the face. He stood with head hunched forward, surprise and puzzlement and fierce rage making a ghastly pattern on his face.

There was a hissing of indrawn breaths, a scuff of boots as men moved away from the bar. Now, they thought, a man was about to die. Now, in just a second, Jard Santee's powerful, cat-quick body would explode in swift, cyclonic violence as he grabbed for his deadly guns—and the Gold-Dust Kid would die.

THE Gold-Dust Kid had stepped away from the bar. He stood, slouched lazily, a cold grin twitching his lips, the scar on his face red in the dirty lamplight. He couldn't help sensing the shocked silence in the room, the pity in the eyes of the spectators.

The Gold-Dust Kid said sharply: "You heard me, Santee. You're not fit to stay in the same room with other men. You're a yella, shoot-in-the-back polecat. Crawl—or go for your guns!"

Jard Santee moved then—moved with lightning speed and savage violence, snatching at his guns. Fast, that dull-eyed killer, but not quite fast enough.

The Gold-Dust Kid's draw was swift and smooth and sure. Jard Santee's gun-tips were rising, when the Kid's gun muzzle jetted redly and blasting echoes slapped back from the walls. The close-range bullet drove Santee backward across a poker table. He dropped his unfired guns, clawing at his stomach as he rolled to the floor, cards and poker chips cascading over his gray face.

A wave of sound broke over the room, and men moved toward the Gold-Dust Kid. Then they stopped, the silence closing down again swift and tense. The Gold-Dust Kid wasn't looking at them; he wasn't looking at the motionless figure on the floor.

The door at the back of the room had opened and a man had come into the room. A slender, dark-faced, flashily dressed man—Jack Blood, who by ruthlessness and trickery was gaining power on the Jornado range. Jack Blood wore shiny boots and gaudy jacket, and a pearl-handled gun in an ornamental holster.

Dust Kid

Howe

The Gold-Dust Kid was looking at Jack Blood, face expressionless, smoking gun still in hand.

Jack Blood was looking at Jard Santee, unbelief in his black eyes. Then his gaze went to the Gold-Dust Kid, and their eyes locked. Blood hadn't seen the killing of Jard Santee, but he knew that any gent fast enough to beat Santee was poison. His tongue flicked nervously over his full, red lips.

The Gold-Dust Kid gestured with his gun muzzle, and said: "Come over here, hombre!"

Jack Blood hesitated, then moved forward, walking stiff-legged. He stopped, the table Santee had sprawled over between him and the cold-eyed Gold-Dust Kid. The Kid holstered his gun.

Jack Blood asked blusteringly: "What's goin' on here? Why'd you kill that man? He worked for me—"

"You mean he killed for you," the Gold-Dust Kid said flatly. "And you know damn well why I shot him, Jack Blood. He needed killin'. So do you—and you're gonna get it! You ready to grab that fancy gun you're wearin'?"

Jack Blood plucked nervously at the gaudy fringe on his elkskin jacket. "I—there ain't any need for more killin'," he said hoarsely. "You were fast enough to kill Santee. I wouldn't have a chance with you."

"That's your own funeral," snapped the Gold-Dust Kid. "You drawin'?"

Jack Blood shook his glossy head. "No! It'd be suicide. If I had an even break—"

A short-skirted honkytonk girl giggled in the taut silence, and it sounded loud and harsh. The watchers were awed by the gun-wizardry they'd just seen. They didn't savvy what was behind this, but they sensed that it was something deeper than just a fight between gunmen.

The Gold-Dust Kid was grinning contemptuously. He said: "All right—you don't deserve it, but I'll give you an even break."

STEPPING suddenly forward, the Gold-Dust Kid snaked Jack Blood's fancy gun from its holster. He broke the gun and removed five cartridges from the cylinder, leaving only one. He did the same with his own gun, and spun the cylinders of each several times with his thumb.

Jack Blood blurted: "What the hell're you up to?"

"I'll show you," said the Gold-Dust Kid. "You wanted an even break, and this is it. Speed won't count here. Here's how we'll do it. Each of these guns has just one shell in it. Maybe the plunger will hit that shell the first jerk, maybe the second, and maybe not till the fifth."

"We'll stand with my gun against your belly, yours against mine. Somebody will count four, and we'll both start jerkin' trigger. The one that explodes his shell first, wins—and the other gets a bullet in the belly. Simple, ain't it—and fair?"

"It's crazy," Jack Blood said furiously. "I won't do it!"

"You'll do it—or get down on your belly and crawl like the yella snake you are!"

The Gold-Dust Kid thrust Blood's gun into his hand, and they faced each other, the gun muzzle of each touching the stomach of the other. That contemptuous grin still twitched the Kid's lips. Jack Blood's lips were gray, and globules of sweat stood out on his swarthy face.

The Gold-Dust Kid's eyes singled out old Teton Smith, and he said: "Count, old-timer; slow and easy."

Teton Smith said softly: "One—"

The Gold-Dust Kid's finger was steady on the trigger. Jack Blood's breathing was harsh and ragged in

the silence. The look of a trapped wolf was in his eyes.

"Two—"

Jack Blood was a coward and a weakling. He was gaining control of the Jornada range, but his money and his gunmen were doing it for him. His finger quivered on the trigger, and the sweat started trickling down his face.

He whimpered: "This is a crazy way to fight." "Had you rather crawl?" the Gold-Dust Kid asked softly.

Teton Smith droned: "Three—"

"Get set, Blood," the Kid prodded. "What if your shell is in the fifth chamber, and mine in the first?"

Jack Blood's gray lips were twitching, and the rivulets of sweat were dripping from his chin and splashing on the floor. In his mind he could feel hot lead ripping into his stomach.

"Fo—"

Jack Blood spat out a whining curse and the gun dropped from his nerveless fingers. The Gold-Dust Kid let it lay.

He said slowly: "You're worse even than Jard Santee, Blood. You hire others to do your dirty killing. You're leavin' this range—but first, you're tellin' these folks what happened to Johnny Parnell. Start talkin', Blood, quick!"

"I—I figured I oughta get more than the five thousand dollars old Dave Parnell left me," Jack Blood whined. "So I decided to get the Rafter T, too. I started lookin' for Johnny Parnell, and finally located him down in the Big Bend country of Texas. I sent Jard Santee down there—to kill Johnny Parnell, so he wouldn't ever come back to claim the Rafter T."

"Santee tracked Johnny into the badlands one day, and shot him and his bronc. Then Santee watched them fall into a deep canyon. He came back and told me that. After a while the sheriff down there sent word Johnny's horse had been found, and that Johnny must have died in the river. Then I figured the Rafter T was as good as mine."

"But there's some more to it," said the Gold-Dust Kid. "Johnny Parnell had three bullet holes in him when he went over that canyon wall into the river but he didn't die. He floated a couple miles downstream, and an old wild-horse hunter, named Limpy Wade, fished him out and nursed him back to life. Johnny Parnell was unconscious four days, and it was that many months before he could walk again. He spent three more months, just practicin' a fast draw—so he could pay back that visit Jard Santee had paid him down in Texas."

"And, gents, here I am. Down in the Big Bend country I'm known as the Gold-Dust Kid—but here on my home range, call me Johnny Parnell!"

Jack Blood had been inching stealthily backward, and now he turned suddenly and darted toward the batwings. Nobody moved to stop him; they knew that Jornada would see him no more.

The men of Jornada gathered quickly about Johnny Parnell, slapping him on the back, shaking his hand. This smoky-eyed young gent, they guessed, would make a swell neighbor. They'd have all the time they wanted to pay back the money they'd borrowed from old Dave Parnell. Their ranches were safe.

Old Teton Smith yelled: "Belly up, you cow-prods and sheepherders and hard-rock men—I'm buyin'. We're drinkin' to a real man!"

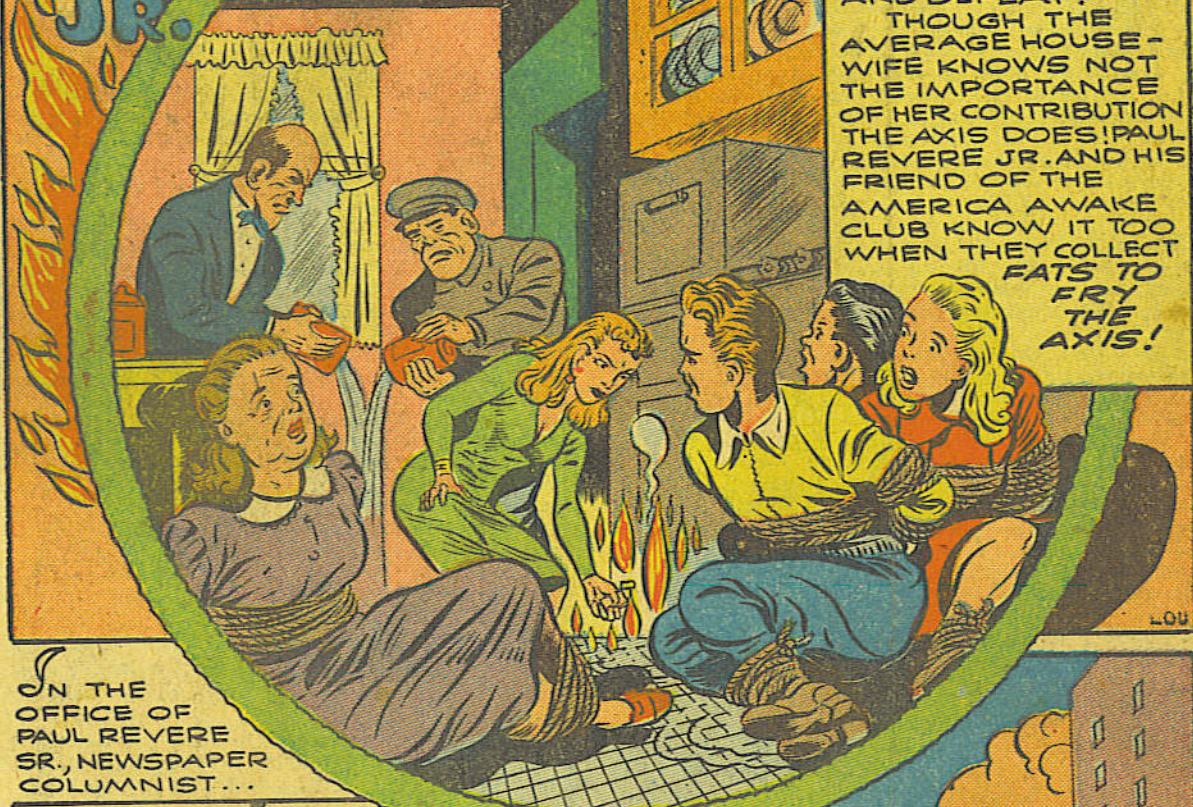
Johnny Parnell's grin was no longer bleak, but warm and friendly, and a little embarrassed.

"Always glad to h'ist one with my neighbors," he said. "Me, I've come back home to stay!"

PAUL REVERE JR.

TO EACH HOUSEWIFE A FEW POUNDS OF WASTE FAT MEAN LITTLE... BUT IN THE ARSENALS OF OUR DEMOCRACY THESE POUNDS ADD UP TO TONS OF EXPLOSIVES... THAT MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN VICTORY AND DEFEAT!

THOUGH THE AVERAGE HOUSEWIFE KNOWS NOT THE IMPORTANCE OF HER CONTRIBUTION THE AXIS DOES! PAUL REVERE JR. AND HIS FRIEND OF THE AMERICA AWAKE CLUB KNOW IT TOO WHEN THEY COLLECT **FATS TO FRY THE AXIS!**



ON THE OFFICE OF PAUL REVERE SR., NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST...

BUT, DAD, IT SEEMS SO FUTILE! WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN A FEW POUNDS OF FAT MAKE IN SUCH A BIG WAR?

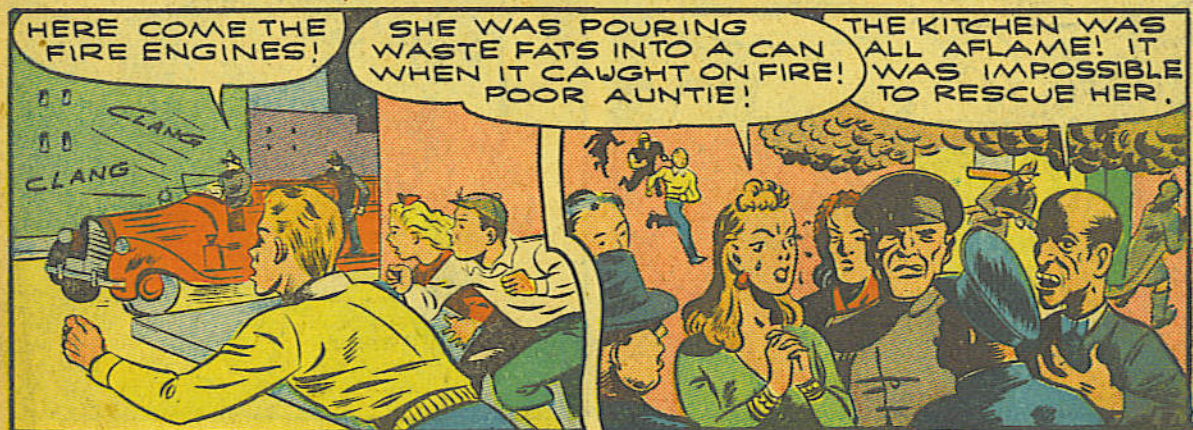
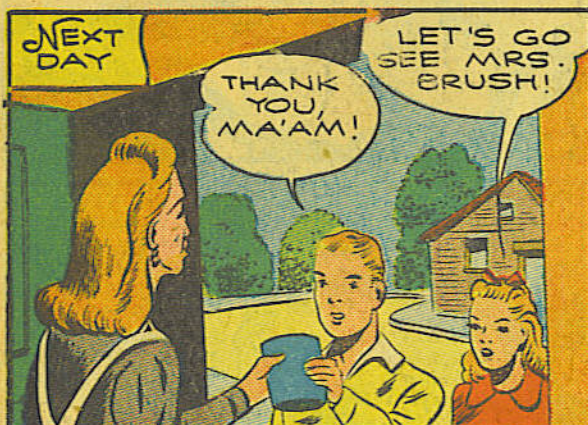
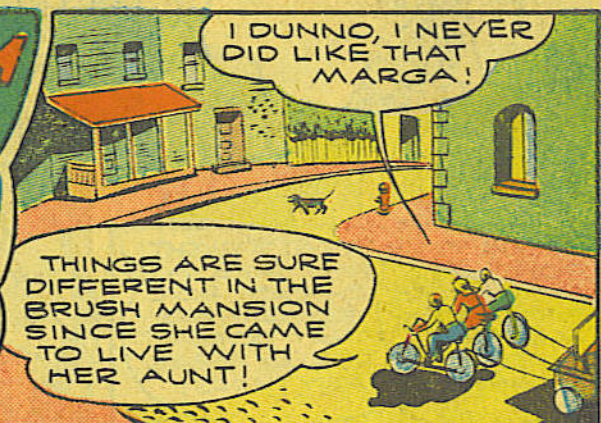
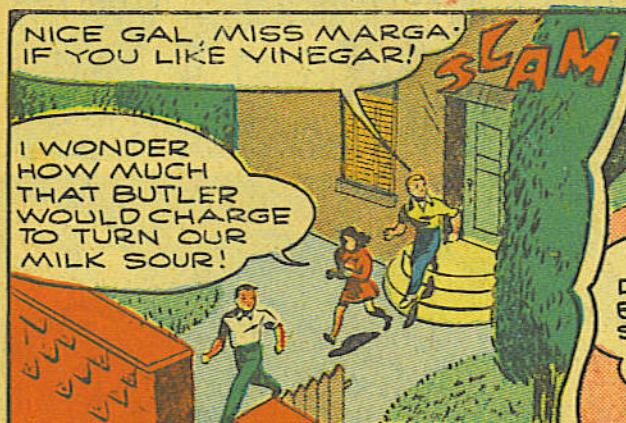
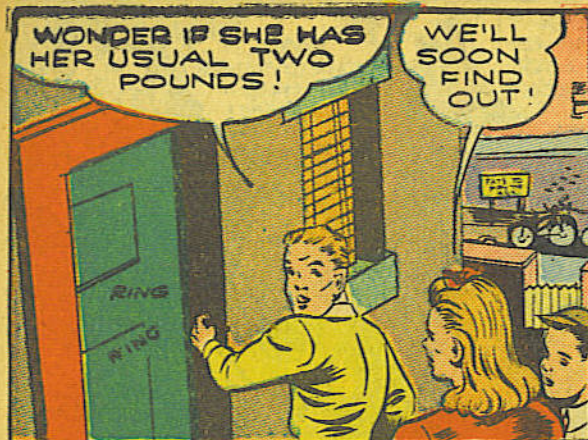
IT MAY SEEM SMALL AND FUTILE TO YOU...

BUT YOU CAN BET THAT THE TONS OF FATS POURING IN TO BE CONVERTED INTO GUNPOWDER ARE MAKING THINGS HOT FOR THE AXIS! AND IF THEY COULD STOP THAT FLOW, THEY WOULD!

O.K. DAD. I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!



PAUL REVERE JR. AND HIS FRIENDS OF THE AMERICA AWAKE CLUB, PAT HENRY AND BETSY ROSS.....



I TOLD HER SHE WAS FOOLISH
TO SAVE THAT WASTE FAT
IN THE HOUSE! ANYHOW,
WHAT GOOD ARE TWO
MERE POUNDS!



SHE'S RIGHT!
FATS IN THE
HOUSE ARE
A MENACE!



I'M
THROWING
MINE
AWAY!

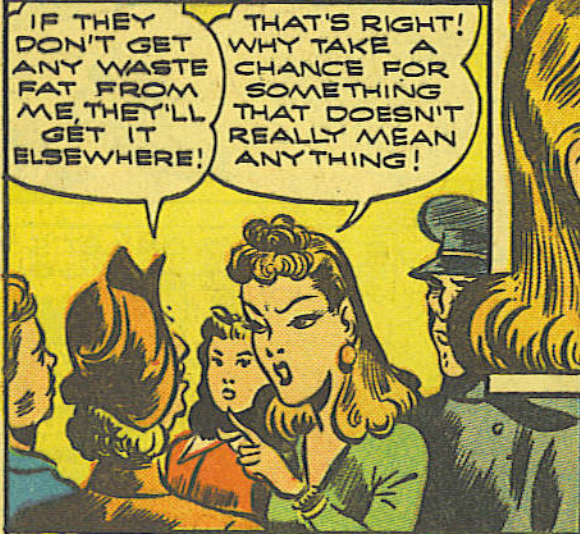
THE WAR
WILL GET
ALONG JUST
AS WELL
WITHOUT MY
POUND OF
WASTE FAT!

MINE
TOO!



IF THEY
DON'T GET
ANY WASTE
FAT FROM
ME, THEY'LL
GET IT
ELSEWHERE!

THAT'S RIGHT!
WHY TAKE A
CHANCE FOR
SOMETHING
THAT DOESN'T
REALLY MEAN
ANYTHING!



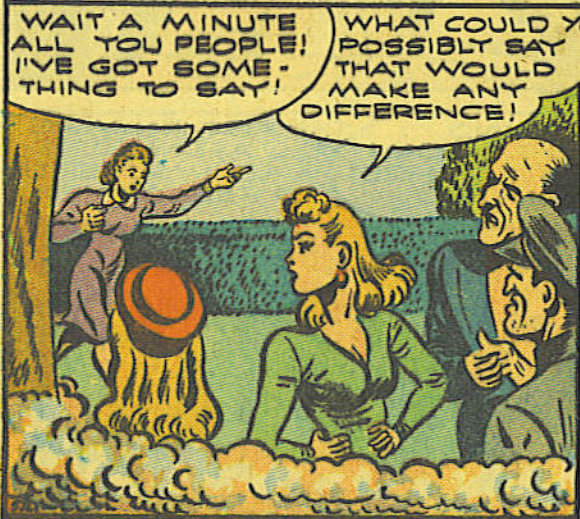
PLENTY! I HAD A BOY IN THIS
WAR! HE LOST HIS LIFE AT
BATAAN! MAYBE KEEPING FATS
IN THE HOUSE IS

A RISK BUT
HE WASN'T
AFRAID OF
THE RISKS
TO WIN THIS
WAR NEITHER
AM I?



WAIT A MINUTE
ALL YOU PEOPLE!
I'VE GOT SOME-
THING TO SAY!

WHAT COULD YOU
POSSIBLY SAY
THAT WOULD
MAKE ANY
DIFFERENCE!



ATTN GIRL, MRS. ROBERTS!
YOU TELL 'EM!

HE LOST HIS
LIFE BECAUSE OF TOO
LITTLE, TOO LATE!
ONE POUND OF WASTE
MAKES FIVE BULLETS!
IF MY BOY HAD HAD
FIVE MORE BULLETS
HE MIGHT STILL
BE ALIVE!



SHE'S RIGHT IF
THE GOVERNMENT
DIDN'T NEED WASTE
FATS, THEY
WOULDN'T
ASK FOR IT!

I-I GUESS I STARTED
THE WOMEN THINKING
BECAUSE OF WHAT
I SAID---



...I WAS SO UPSET BECAUSE OF
AUNTIE ... I-I WONDER, COULD I
MOVE IN WITH YOU TILL AUNTIE'S
AFFAIRS ARE SETTLED?

OF
COURSE
DEAR!



THAT
WAS
CLOSE!

FOR A
MOMENT
THERE
WE
WERE
ALMOST
OUT OF
BUSINESS!

WELL, LET'S
GET THE
WAGON
AND GET
BACK TO
WORK!



GOOD
DAY!

OH!-ER, HELLO!
WE CAME FOR
MRS. ROBERTS'S
WASTE FATS

YOU AGAIN! WELL,
SHE DOESN'T HAVE
ANY TODAY!



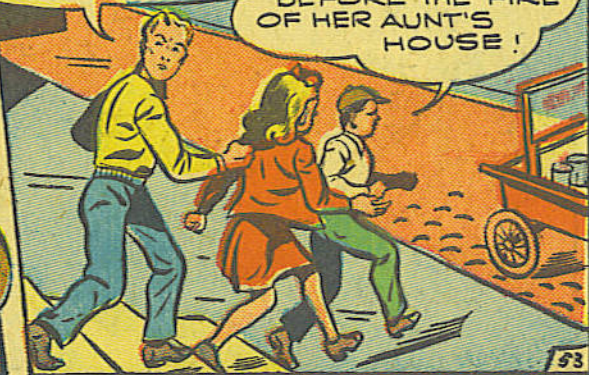
I DON'T LIKE HER
EITHER AND I
DON'T LIKE THE
WAY SHE ACTS!

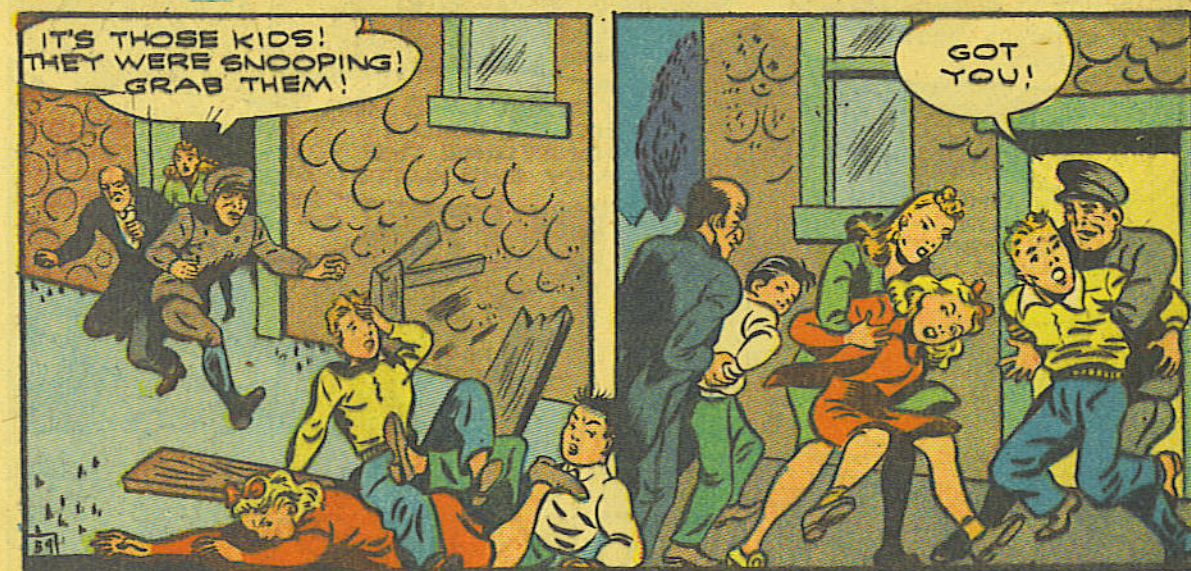
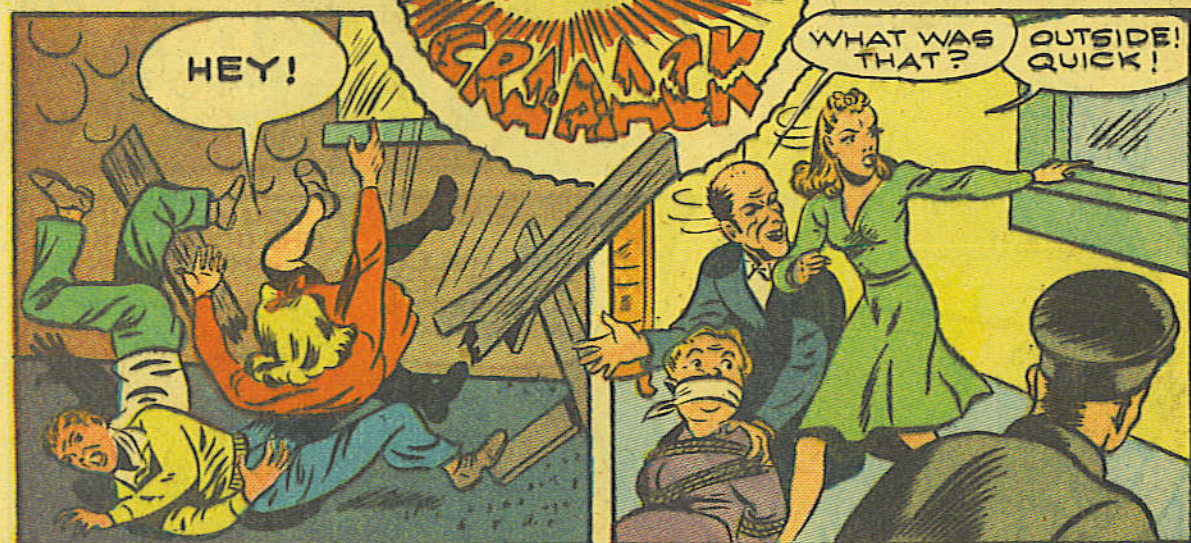
YEH! THAT'S JUST
THE WAY SHE
ACTED THE DAY
BEFORE THE FIRE
OF HER AUNT'S
HOUSE!

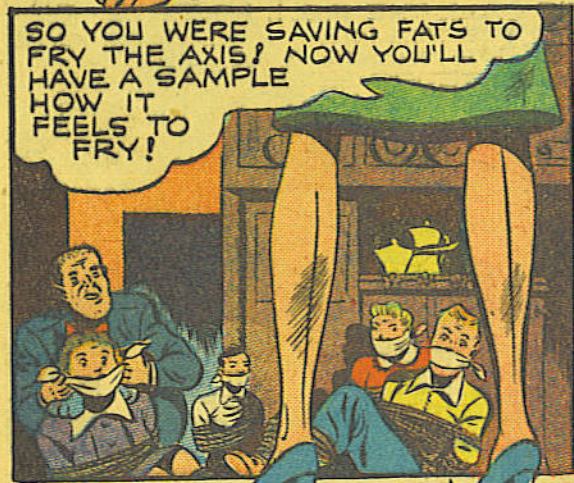
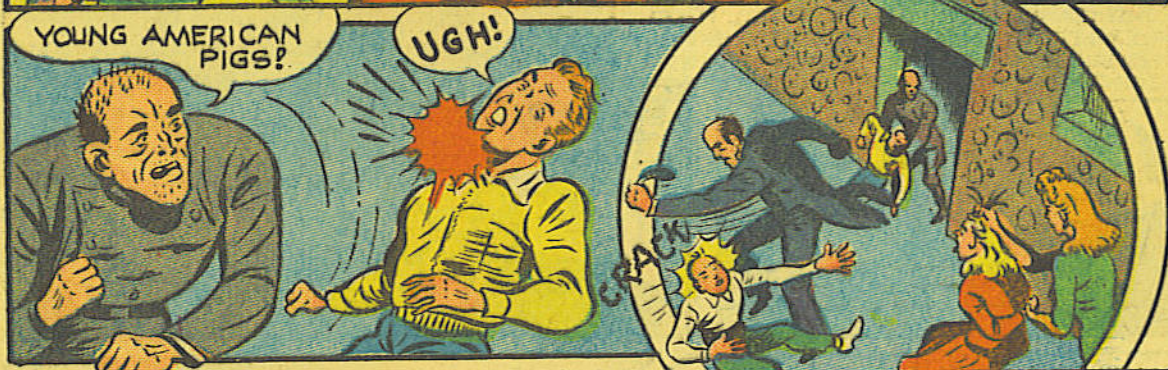
WOW!

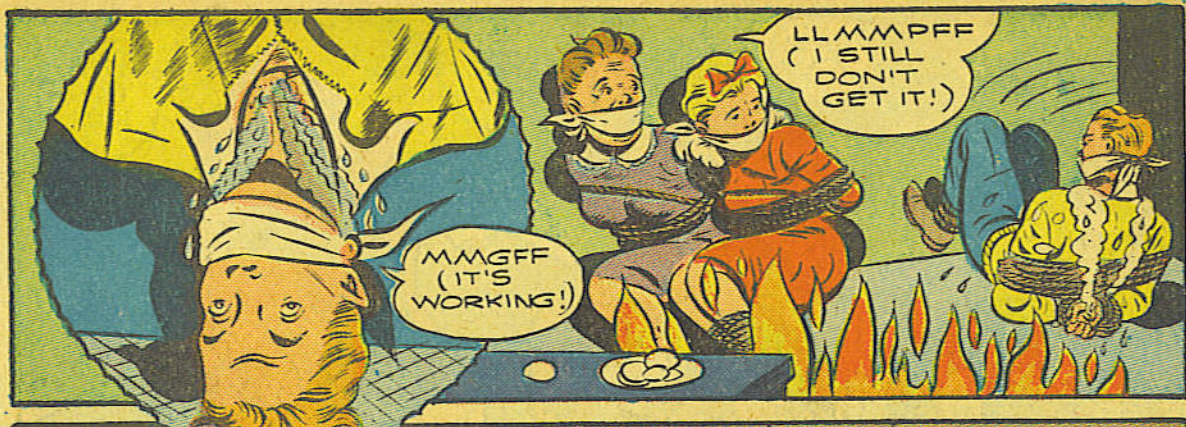
SHE
SURE
DOESN'T
LIKE US!

SLAM!

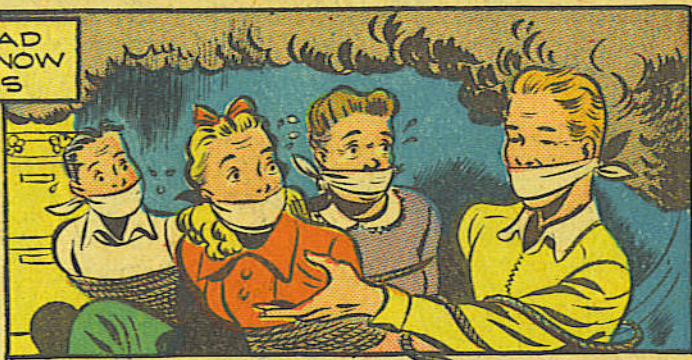








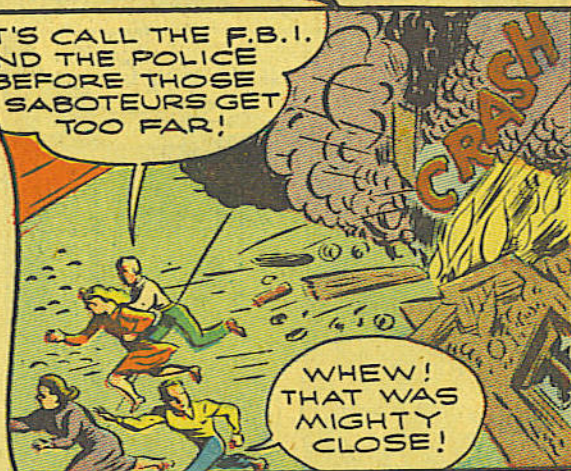
THE CAN OF FATS THAT PAUL HAD PUT INTO HIS LUMBERJACK IS NOW POURING FORTH TO GREASE HIS BONDS



YES, DAD. THE F.B.I. PICKED THEM UP. THEY WERE GERMAN AGENTS SABOTAGING THE WASTE FAT CAMPAIGN... AND I THOUGHT COLLECTING WASTE FATS WAS A FUTILE JOB.



LET'S CALL THE F.B.I. AND THE POLICE BEFORE THOSE SABOTEURS GET TOO FAR!



BUT HITLER KNEW IT WASN'T, HE KNEW THAT THE MIGHTIEST WEAPON OF A DEMOCRACY IS THE FREE-GIVEN HELP OF ITS PEOPLE. WHEN ALL THE LITTLE PEOPLE WORK TOGETHER, EACH ONE DOING HIS BEST, A POWERFUL FORCE IS CREATED THAT NO DICTATOR CAN WITHSTAND!



DON'T MISS PAUL REVERE JR., IN NEXT ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY!